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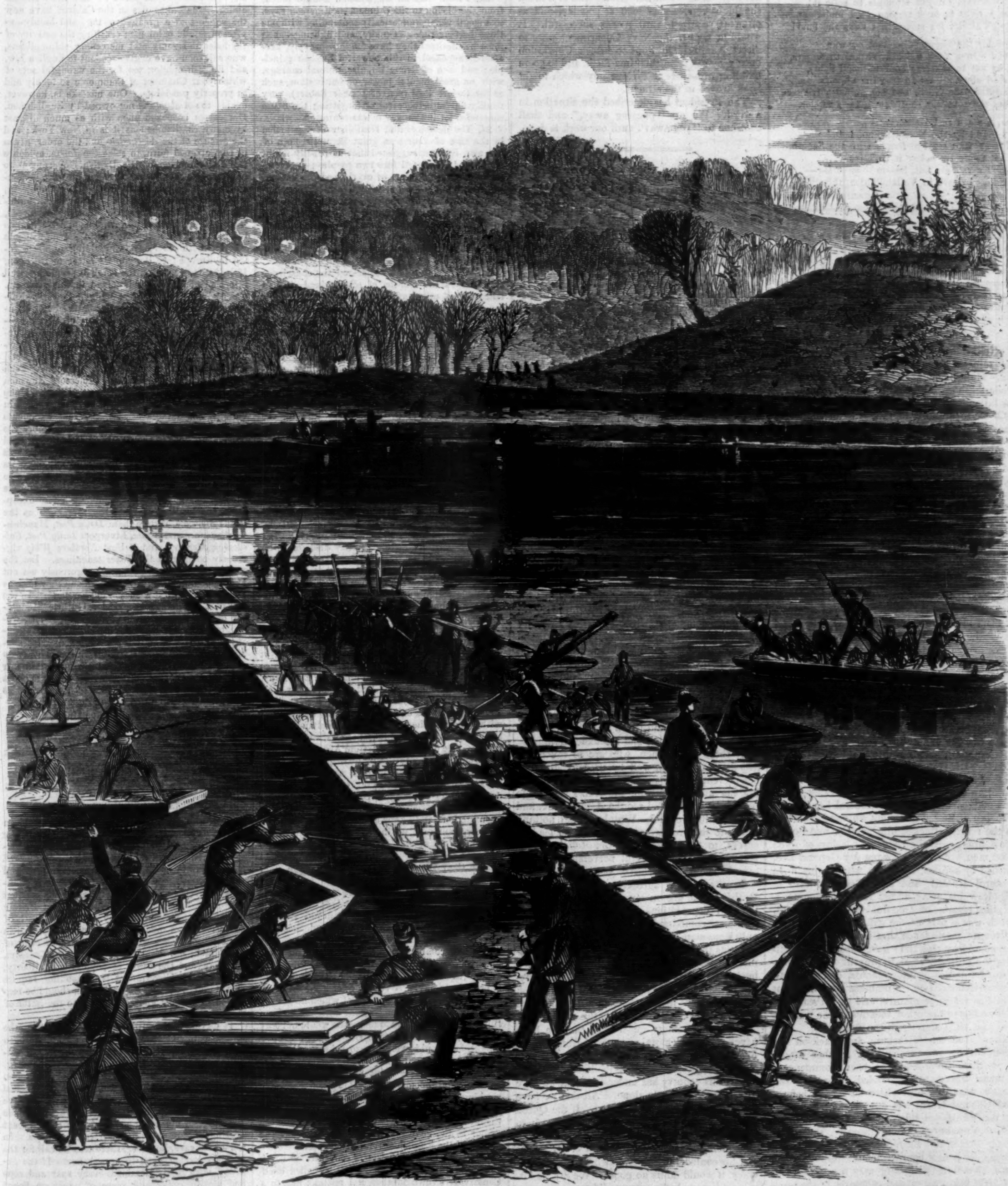


BUILDING PONTOONS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

LAY OV THE MODDERN "KONSERVATIVS."

I AM a gay "Konservativ,"
I stand by the old Konstitushun, I du;
I go fur the Uniun es it was,
With the old Dimmycrat ticket, rite thru.
These black Republikans don't suit me,
Fur I'm a Konservativ man, yu see!

I am a Dimmycrat, dyed in the wool—
I go fur free trade, and that sort ov thing;
I think it's rite tu let Slavery rule—
Sooner'n hev Lincoln I'd vote fur a king,
And hev the Saouth fur an aristockracy
Tu rule the hull North (except the Dimmockracy).

Shuttin up fokes fur speekin their mind
In my opinion's a peece of knavery—
I go fur free speech ov every kind,
Except when it interferes with slavery!
(Sich kind ov free speech all Dimmykrats fight—
Ef Brooks hed *killed* Sumner he'd done jest right.)

I go fur aour konstitushunal rights,
With the rit ov *habeas corpus* invi'late.
I'd show 'em haow a Dimmykrat fights,
Ef Abram Lincoln attempts tu spile it!
I've a right tu *tawk* treeson, ez I understand—
Tawk's tawk; it's *money* that buys the land!

I go fur the vigorous conduct ov war
(Of course with a decent regard tu figgars,
So ez not tu inkreese aour national debt),
And abuv all *not* tu free the niggers.
I'd ruther the North hed not pulled a trigger
Than see a traitor shot daown by a nigger.

Yes, I am a reel Konservativ;
I stand by the Konstitushun, I du!
Ef enny wun sez I'm frends with the Saouth,
I'll sware by hokey it isn't true!
I *ain't* a rebbel; but, he—m!—*speek low*—
I *kinder* beleeve in Vallandigham, though!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly.*"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE SITUATION.

ONCE more the nation is called upon to sustain itself bravely under the smart of defeat. Major-General Hooker's campaign against Fredericksburg, like that of General Burnside, has failed.

Of the operations of the Army of the Potomac we have news up to Wednesday, May 6. On 28th, 29th, and 30th April General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock at various fords from 10 to 20 miles above Fredericksburg, and drove in the rebel pickets, advancing his army to a small village called Chancellorsville, near the residence of a Mr. Chancellor. A day or two previously General Stoneman, with a large cavalry force, had been sent to make a grand detour by way of the Upper Rapidan and the southern part of Orange and Spotsylvania counties, with a view of cutting the railroad between Richmond and Fredericksburg in the neighborhood of Milford. General Hooker's advance took the rebels by surprise, and compelled them to come out of their intrenchments and attack the Union army. Withdrawing the bulk of his army from the heights above Fredericksburg, the rebel General made his first attack on Friday afternoon, another on Saturday, and a third on Sunday. These various fights appear to have been bloody and indecisive. Fortune varied, as usual in the great battles of this war; at times we drove the enemy, and at times they drove us; one day we took some guns and prisoners, and the next we lost some. But on Monday, 4th, General Sedgwick, who had stormed the heights of Fredericksburg when the rebels withdrew the bulk of their force from that point, was obliged to give way. General Longstreet, who is said to have brought up reinforcements to the rebels, attacked him fiercely, and finally drove him across the river, with a loss of some 6000 men. On the following day General Lee, flushed by success, threw his whole army upon General Hooker, and compelled him also to withdraw his army across the Rappahannock. Of the results of General Stoneman's raid, which was a part of the general plan, we have as yet no intelligence that is worth repeating. He should by this time have succeeded in cutting the railroad, so as to prevent the transmission of supplies, reinforcements, and ammunition to General Lee. Comment on this event would as yet be premature, and we forbear.

Turning to the other theatres of the war, we find that all is activity in the Southwest. The railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson has been cut by our cavalry, and another attack upon that strong-hold has been commenced. General Sherman has landed a force in the Yazoo, near the point where he landed before, and General Grant has disembarked his army on the Mississippi side of the river a few miles below Vicksburg. Simultaneously, the fleets, under Porter and Farragut, are said to be preparing for a new bombardment. For the first time, therefore, Vicksburg may now be said to be fairly beleaguered, and, whatever be the prospect of an assault, the difficulty experienced by the rebels in keeping up their communications must be very great indeed.

The last heard of General Banks was that he had succeeded in driving the rebels out of the richest portion of Louisiana, and had occupied the town of Alexandria, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Red River. He has thus driven the rebel Governor of Louisiana to the very confines of the State; has cut off all the supplies which the rebels at Vicksburg had been receiving by way of the Red River; and, more important still, appears to have discovered a large number of Union men, who were only too glad to welcome his approach, and return to their allegiance.

From the army of Tennessee we have no news except that our cavalry are making some serious raids into the rebel country, destroying railroads and capturing supplies. Neither General Rosecrans nor General Bragg seem inclined to provoke the inevitable encounter; each waits for the other to move.

From Charleston a story reaches us that the iron-clads are again preparing to cross the bar. This we doubt. Still there can be no question but that the attack on this strong-hold of treason should be renewed as soon as possible, and as often as required, until it was successful. It would be well if the Navy Department were to direct Admiral Du Pont to attack Charleston once a month from this time forth, and to go on building iron-clads to replace any which might be destroyed in the attacks.

The President has described the situation in a word. We are "pegging away," and shall continue to "peg away" until our work is done.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

WE publish in another column a letter from an Englishman, which purports to prove that the mass of the English people are not, as has been supposed, in alliance with the slave confederacy of the South; but that those Englishmen who have made public their sympathy with our slaveholding oligarchy are in effect themselves little better than another slaveholding oligarchy, which has been conspicuous in history as the opponent of freedom, democracy, and equal rights.

We freely admit that the people of the large cities of Great Britain—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, etc.—have in assembled meeting testified their adherence to the great principles of human liberty which have been the basis of England's power and prosperity, and for the maintenance of which the United States are now struggling. And, insomuch as this testimony of theirs, at this particular time, confers upon us moral if not material support, the people of the United States ought to be and are grateful for it.

That gratitude, however, it is but fair to say, would be more lively if the views of our friends in England took the shape of a practical purpose instead of remaining a sentimental desire.

It profits us very little to hear that large meetings have been held in British cities in support of the Union, when at the same time we learn that new pirates are being fitted out in British dock-yards, and being sent to sea to prey upon American commerce, with the merest formality of official obstruction; when every leading newspaper in England continues to misrepresent and belie us in the most shameless and outrageous manner; and when men who are supposed to rise superior to vulgar impulses of demagogy—like Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone—gratuitously falsify our condition and our purposes, and throw their official mantle over slave rebellion and blockade-running.

If these Englishmen, who are so much our friends, really mean well by us, why did they not prevent the *Japan* getting to sea and obtaining her armament from the *Alar?* Why do they sit by quietly and see the *Alabama* refit and coal in British ports? Why have they nothing to say to the pro-slavery articles in the leading papers, to the grossly false dispatches of Earl Russell, and the shameful perversions of fact contained in the speeches of Lord Palmerston?

It is extremely agreeable to hear that the British people are on our side; but so long as the only depredations committed on our commerce are committed by British pirates, and the only statesmen in the world who deliberately lie about us in the rebel interests are English statesmen, and the only newspapers which make a business of falsifying our record and misrepresenting us in the eyes of the world are English newspapers, we must be permitted to tone down our gratitude for British sympathy.

Englishmen must understand that we have never sought aid, moral or material, from abroad. From the recognition, by the maritime powers of Europe, of the rebels as belligerents, every one in this country has understood that we were to fight out our battle alone. All that we have asked has been non-intervention. If the Queen were to condemn the rebels in her speech to Parliament, and her ministers were to join in denouncing the nefarious attempt of Mr. Davis and his confederates to establish a slave confederacy, it would do us no good. We ask no foreign aid, and desire none. Those among us who once loved England would have liked, for her sake, to have seen her take a position in this great controversy worthy of her antecedents, and worthy of her great men of the past. They have sorrowed to see her sink to the level of a purveyor of pirates, a manufacturer of manacles, and a sneaking ally of the meanest form of treason.

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The state of the public mind in this country has arrested my attention, and induces me to ask you to allow a stranger to offer a few remarks upon its relations with England. The struggle in which you are engaged is one in which few Englishmen are unconcerned spectators, but one in which your people too readily assume the interest to be all upon the side of the South. It need not, and indeed could not, be denied that large drafts have been made and honored upon that account; but it may be now respectfully submitted that the deposits are exhausted, and "no effects" will ere long be the indorsement. The reasons for the expression of sympathy so frequent some months ago may be epitomized as follows:

1st, Pluck. As all Englishmen admire pluck, from the bishop to the cabman, as Emerson says, so a small people numerically contending with one three or four times as many, and fighting—as it must be admitted they have fought—bravely, necessarily appealed to this powerful English principle; and men of strong impulse, animal courage, with no great mental power or cultivation, such as Sir Robert Peel (son of *the* Sir Robert), very readily fell into the error of forgetting the cause contended for in the way it was contested.

2d, The demonstrated feasibility of separation in the case of your own great Republic, born of our own Empire, suggested that as readily might North and South fall into two peoples; such reasoners having forgotten or overlooked the not unimportant fact that parturition and dismemberment are widely different processes; and while in the earlier case the Atlantic and the great lakes suggested a natural boundary, Nature herself has, in the latter, made perpetual presence and almost as constant antagonism the essential conditions of separation.

3d, While cotton had not seared the conscience and stopped the mouths of all England, it had laid its spell upon influential classes, such as cotton-spinners and manufacturers (not all of these, however), ship-owners and ship-brokers of the Z. C. Pearson and W. S. Lindsay school, blockade runners, and the whole hap-hazard gambling fraternity, who, as Arab freebooters, hang upon the flanks of commerce in ordinary times, seeking chances of irregular gain, but who, in times of warfare, find a wide field for their desultory activities—all these classes perpetually cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and for the same reason as their prototypes: "By this craft they have their wealth." They make noise enough for the people, but after all they are only mobs.

4th, There are the old Tories, of whom a goodly number can always be relied upon to creep out and sun themselves whenever earnest men arraign, try, and are about to execute any great criminal. Their sound and hearty lungs were expanded within the last fifty years to keep Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, and Quakers out of Parliament—*but they are there.* If they died for it, no Romanist should ever enter St. Stephen's—but Daniel O'Connell gave them the benefit of his fine rich brogue. They seated themselves in their impregnable rotten boroughs, but that sad little incendiary John Russell came in with his Reform Bill, and its schedules left them bereaved Rachels. The Corporations were left them as a fit field for intolerant contempt to trample upon municipal rights, but alas! they too were reformed. But between these latter contests as great a contest as English history has witnessed under the Brunswick dynasty had to be decided, and over and after their old Port the Old Guard of abuses wheeled into line. A canting fanatic called Wilberforce, not content with depriving the people of Liverpool and Bristol of the privilege of stealing negroes, and negroes the privilege of being stolen from Africa, had dared to set on foot an agitation, and had got a few Quakers and other "nobodies," such as Buxtons, Gurneys, Sturges, Croppers, etc., to aid him in the destruction of Church and State, the spread of infidelity, destruction of morals, and all the other abominations well known both in England and America, summed up in that one word, "Abolitionism." Alas! alas! even negro slavery had to fall, and our poor but chivalric Tory squires had to pay their share of One Hundred Million Gold Dollars, or Twenty Million Pounds.

Surely now their troubles are ended; little is left to live for, except fat rent-rolls for themselves and their eldest sons, a few thousand sinecure places (or places which any noodle of influence may fill, and draw his salary on quarter-day), the church for the non-combatant, and the army for the more plucky or dashing younger sons—surely none can grudge them these! Even here the hunted stag is brought to bay. A vile place of some few hundreds of thousands of "hands," of which no gentleman had ever heard until that infernal Reform Bill was hatched, called Manchester, would not only not send up some of the country gentlemen to represent it, but would even dare to poke its dirty fingers into politics, and lo! a Manchester school is formed, and a couple of incendiaries called Bright and Cobden propound the notable scheme of every working man eating his own loaf, with the help of his wife and children, instead of reverently and thankfully sending the first slice to the lord of the manor in the shape of a protective duty for the benefit of the English agriculturist.

There the virtue of Toryism concentrated itself. It submitted to a fresh baptism: it called itself Conservative (own brother, if I mistake not, to a character of that name recently seen dodging about certain streets in New York, and suspected by this present writer as worth watching); it even humiliated itself so far as to accept a parvenu leader; and, warmed with its generous notions, it sang—with rather a cracked and unsteady voice, it is true—"With Peel for our pilot we'll weather the storm." Alas, poor Yorick! Peel ran them on the reef high and dry, declaring the old craft to be totally unseaworthy, went over, with his first officer, Gladstone, and several of inferior rank, to the Free Trade flag.

Excuse my lengthened digression; it has a moral for the American people. Power and Privilege fight bravely in England; their voice is heard in high places; but they inevitably go down before the march of the people.

Liberty-loving men of the North, be not discouraged! Old Toryism hates you as it has hated Liberals and Liberalism at home; but its bark is worse than its bite. It has tried to tempt the unemployed operatives—if I mistake not, Ferrand has only recently made a last attempt upon their virtue; but they, in common with the mass of Englishmen, love liberty and hate slavery. They now know their strength and their weakness.

Trimmers and time-servers in our Government and in our House of Commons know what they have to expect at the hands of an indignant country should they attempt to commit old England to any complicity with slavery; and Lord Russell and his true colleagues in the Cabinet have now the support of a great, growing, and loudly-expressed public opinion in crushing the activity of Confederate agents and mercenary ship-builders, who will soon have to give account to English law, and English opinion too, for the wrongful acts of which your Chamber of Commerce so loudly and so properly proclaims. One mistake is, however, made: the *Alabama* is not owned by Englishmen. Her career is looked upon with as much disgust by many Englishmen as it is in New York; and the seizure of the *Alexandra*, and the order, given in perfect good faith, to seize the *Japan*, evidence the determination of the British Government to put a stop to this business. They mean to be neutral. The people, in their might and majesty, wherever space could be found in any public buildings in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, York, Glasgow, etc., speak with one voice, "God bless the North!" Despite agents "acting with efficiency in moulding public opinion in Europe (see Benjamin's letter to De Leon, 13th December, 1862), the English people are well informed of the issues involved in this struggle. Cairnes's able book on the "Slave Power"—Ellison and Rawlins, who have exhausted the argument upon the Constitutionality of Secession—Bright, Forster, and Stansfield, who have examined its political bearings—Baptist Noel and Newman Hall, who have reviewed its moral aspects, and the crowd of inconsiderable "nobodies," such as T. Hughes (Tom Brown), Professors Newman and Goldwin Smith, John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Argyle, and Milner Gibson, have not spoken in vain to the middle classes, the real exponents of public opinion. The *Times* tried to ignore the movement, but ten thousand people in and around Exeter Hall could not be ignored. Now it scoffs and ridicules it; but the people do not mind its scoffs; and its able and honest competitor, the *Daily News*, presents the facts and able reasonings thereon, as does the *Star;* and, with few exceptions, the leading provincial papers, such as the Leeds *Mercury*, Birmingham *Daily Post*, Manchester *Examiner* and *Times*, Liverpool *Daily Post*, *Caledonian Mercury*, and Belfast *Northern Whig* vigorously counteract the *Times* teachings. Let the American people and Congress vigorously act out President Lincoln's Proclamation, and they may be assured of the good wishes of old England. In the words of the great and good Dr. Guthrie, Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, "THE ADVANCED POSITION WHICH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE NORTH HAVE TAKEN ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY HAS MADE THEIR CAUSE THAT OF HUMANITY AND RELIGION; THEREFORE I CAN NOT BUT WISH, AND HEARTILY WISH, THEM SUCCESS AGAINST A POWER WHICH RESTS ON PRINCIPLES AS INSULTING TO GOD AS THEY ARE CRUEL TO MAN."

I am, Sir, respectfully,
A BRITISHER.

May 2, 1863.

THE LOUNGER.

FIRMNESS THE SECURITY OF PEACE.

BETWEEN great nations, as Washington said, in his Farewell Address, there can be no romantic friendship; but there can be, and there is, a degree of friendliness, ranging from a thinly-masked hostility up to an expression and action of cordial sympathy. These extremes of political friendliness between states are illustrated in the conduct and expression of Lord Russell in Great Britain and of Count Cavour in Italy, before the death of that greatest of modern statesmen, as reported in the correspondence with the State Department of Mr. Marsh, our Minister to Italy. Self-respect, therefore, and the cause of popular civil liberty, for which this Government is contending, require that its relations with Great Britain should be regulated by a strict and cold regard to the letter of the law, and nothing further.

If Cavour were still living and directing the foreign policy of Italy, and the *Peterhoff* had been sailing under the Italian flag when she was arrested upon suspicion, the surrender of her mail-bag, even although it might have been retained upon strictly technical grounds, would not have touched so deeply the honor of this nation. It would have been a concession, but it would have been made willingly, to mark our perception of the different bearing of one neutral power from another. In the actual case, however, there was no call for the least concession, even in appearance. If the *Peterhoff* were justly detained, every spar and rope and marling-spike and piece of paper on board were equally good prize. If she were unjustly captured, there should have been not a moment's delay upon the part of the Government in amply apologizing and compensating. But until that point was fully determined there could have been no other object in surrendering part of her but to appease the irritation of John Bull.

Under the circumstances, however, it is an unnecessary humiliation. If the Government is unable to maintain its rights let us forbid the capture of all prizes whatever, that we may not seem to add cowardice to impotence. But if we insist upon seizing suspicious vessels under the British flag, let us settle the question of ship and contents by the strictest letter of the law. The British dispatch concedes our right to stop a vessel in the situation of the *Peterhoff*. Is there any thing in the present conduct of the British Government toward us which should induce us to wear even the appearance of obsequiousness? There can be no stronger friends of peace with England than we. But peace is secured by intelligent firmness when we are right, and swift apology and reparation when we are wrong, but never by shirking or timid deprecation. Diplomacy can be heroic as well as sagacious.

THE FRUIT OF BRITISH "NEUTRALITY."

JOHN BULL, in his unhandsome effort to discover how not-to-do-it, in his "neutrality" between this Government and the rebels, succeeds in doing some things that are a burning and an eternal disgrace. Captain Glover, of the bark *Lysander*, arrives in Boston, having been chased by a pirate and driven her off. He reports that off Colorado Reef, on the 10th of April, he saw a vessel on fire, but "being afraid of pirates, stood away." Captain Glover can not be blamed. The "Mistress of the Seas," as John Bull delights to call himself, having sent out pirates upon the ocean, which are built and manned in his ports, which sail under his flag, and are armed by his connivance, which enter no harbors but his own, and burn the ships of a nation with which John has treaties of commerce and amity, is directly responsible for the desolation and death and terror which ensue. If the vessel which Captain Glover saw were an innocent British vessel—if ship, cargo, crew, and passengers were lost—if every other ship, in mere self-defense, "stood away" and left them to their agony, it is the British Government which is responsible before God for the tragedy. That Government has taken pirates under its protection. Those pirates mark their course with the flames of their captures. The British Government has made a burning ship upon the high seas no longer a summons of eager sympathy, but a ghastly warning of danger. It is a Government which no nation in the world loves, and which is rapidly extinguishing all individual respect in a sentiment of hatred for its falsity and contempt for its meanness.

JOHN ELLIOTT CAIRNES.

JOHN ELLIOTT CAIRNES is one of our firmest and fastest friends in Great Britain. The service he has done this country is not second to that of John Bright, of John Stuart Mill, of Forster, of Richard Cobden, or of Goldwin Smith. He is Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, and his work, *The Slave Power*, which has recently passed into a second and enlarged edition in England, is the most thorough and exhaustive treatise upon the subject, displaying, indeed, a very remarkable knowledge of our history in the chapters devoted to the political aspect of the question. The work has been republished by Carleton in this city. Not only in his book, but constantly in the columns of the *Daily News*, Professor Cairnes has fought the good fight for us, confounding several antagonists who undertook to defend the rebellion; and bringing the *Saturday Review*, in particular, to signal grief.

But Professor Cairnes's point of view is universal civilization, and not especially the permanence of the Union. The rebellion he considers to be the great anti-civilizing movement of history. It is barbarism in insurrection; barbarism turning suddenly and making a stand against the progress of the race. It must, therefore, in the interest of humanity, be subdued. At any cost it must be overthrown. If the power of the United States Government is inadequate to quell it, the rebellion must be suppressed by the combined force of all Christian and civilized powers. When that is achieved an entirely new question in his view arises; and that is, by what means shall the consequences that must follow the war be most promptly and permanently secured? He inclines to the opinion that we shall find it best to put a few rebel States out to cool before receiving them again into the Union. In other words, he thinks it will be wiser for us to undergo a little temporary disunion. But he holds this view only because he thinks that the cause of human liberty and national peace would be the gainers. The absurdity of secession, and the folly of yielding an inch until the fangs of the serpent are removed, are as clear to him as to any body. His difference is upon the question of establishing the Government anew.

But this is a speculative difference which does not affect the value or the quality of his sympathy. Show him that it is better for the great interests of liberty and of this free country to maintain the Union after our victory, and he would be very willingly persuaded. That he does not see it and know it as we do comes from the fact that he is not an American. He does not understand the inevitable necessity of the Union, in the first place; nor, in the second, does he seem to perceive that to set off any number of States, even if it were but a single State, as a separate power, would be to surrender ourselves immediately to the mercy of every foreign nation with which the new power would create alliances. Few of our foreign friends seem fully to apprehend that the question for us is Union and liberty, or separation and anarchy, with consequent moral, social, and political ruin.

But for the treatment of its great theme no work is to be named before "The Slave Power" of Professor Cairnes.

TWO KINDS OF MEN.

THERE are no men among us so ineffably mean as the white men who stand sneering at the black men, "Pooh, pooh! they are made for slaves; we hate 'em!" There are no men more noble than the black men who, notwithstanding this maddening insult, which might justly drive them to join arms with their masters against us, have yet the perception that our cause is their cause, however we may try to conceal it. We lame them and blind them, and then sneer that they can neither walk nor see. We deprive them of every inspiring motive, of every word of sympathy, of every sign of respect and confidence, and then taunt their passivity. We cripple them, and then laugh because they do not run faster than we.

The time has at last come when they are to have a chance. The Mississippi River slaves, comprising those who have been sold from Virginia and the border because they had some sparks of manhood remaining, and those whose blood has been reinforced from the foreign slave-trade—these are men who will fight. We dare to say that they will not carve the skulls of their late masters into drinking-cups, nor their bones into trinkets: that they will not tie their captives to wild horses nor hang them to bleach in the sun: that they will strike their masters only in honest fight, and not as their masters have always struck them when they were utterly helpless. We don't believe they will paddle and pickle their late masters who are in rebellion, although those gentry have not hesitated to torture them when they were only guilty of a different complexion. We don't believe that they will draw them up in a line at night, hold lanterns to their faces, and shoot them one by one through the head, as the chivalry did to the negroes they captured upon the steamer *Sam Gaty* at Sibley, Missouri. No, no; in every point of honorable warfare, of generosity, and humanity, we believe they will show themselves easily superior to their late masters: as easily as Robert Smalls has shown himself superior in simple patriotism, bravery, and manhood to Robert Toombs.

THE ORIGINAL ANNIE LAURIE.

THE Lounger presents his compliments to "Annie," who asks if the song that was so popular with the English soldiers in the Crimea is not an old song, and is happy to say in reply that the melody is an old one, and that there is a song of the same name long popular in the south of Scotland. But the Crimean favorite is a new version written by a lady still living, whose name the Lounger does not recall. The old song is the following:

> "Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
> Where early fa's the dew;
> Where me and Annie Laurie
> Made up the promise true;
> Made up the promise true,
> And ne'er forget will I;
> And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'll lay me doun and die.
>
> "She's backit like the peacock;
> She's breastit like the swan;
> She's jimp about the middle;
> Her waist ye weel micht span;
> Her waist ye weel micht span,
> And she has a rolling eye;
> And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'll lay me doun and die."

It is supposed that these lines were written by Mr. Douglas, of Fingland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, who was created first baronet of Maxwelton, in 1685. The Lady Anne did not marry the poet, but became the wife of Mr. Fergusson of Craigdarrock. Maxwelton is a mansion in the valley of the Cairn in Dumfries-shire; and the old song was printed for the first time in Edinburgh, in 1824, in a small collection called a "Ballad Book," by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The new song with the music is in Wood's "Songs of Scotland."

GENERAL FOREY.

THE French General of the army invading Mexico is one of those whom Kinglake in his History of the Crimean War calls "the men of December." It was Forey who commanded the soldiers that surrounded the building in which the representatives assembled who refused to disperse. It was Forey who marched the representatives of France to prison. Upon Kinglake's pages he then disappears until he emerges at the battle of the Alma. The apparition is not brilliant. "General Forey, perhaps, had hoped," says Kinglake, "that in the presence of the enemy he might be able to cover over the mark which his reputation contracted on the 2d of December; on the day, when, along with Maupas's commissaries of police, he suffered himself to be publicly used as the assailant and the jailer of the unarmed Legislature of France; but if by chance this man shall be brought some day to his account, it will not be by an appeal to the Alma that he will be able to avert his punishment."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN you see a dwarf you may take it for granted that his parents never made *much of him*.

On the day for renewing the license of the publicans in the West Riding of Yorkshire one of the magistrates said to an old woman, who kept a little ale-house, that he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into her liquor; to which she replied, "There is naught pernicious put into our barrels but the exciseman's stick!"

Bach, the York comedian, was asked how he came to turn his coat twice. He replied, "That one good turn deserved another."

A poet was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud; he hears you."

FORTUNATE IMPOSSIBILITY.—An Italian who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to apostrophize Fortune thus: "Treacherous Fortune, thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay."

Woman sews, and man reaps the advantage of it.

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now you see where I am, through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand pounds in debt!"

"I like that squint; it relieves the natural blackness of your face," said a caustic man to a dark lady.

"Indeed!" quoth the lady, "what a pity, then, you do not squint!"

A party of gentlemen were taking supper at a country inn, and one of the guests found the poultry rather tough. After exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to dissect an old fowl, he turned to the waiter and asked,

"Have you any such thing as a powder-flask?"

"No, Sir, we have not; do you want one?"

"Why, yes. I think the shortest way would be to blow the fellow up."

A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote on the gate-post the following line: "Here lie the dead, and here the living *lie!*"

Upon a traveler telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the General wittily replied, "My good Sir, we have seen the animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs*."

A lady fell down in the street, when a man very civilly picked her up and said, gently,

"I hope, ma'am, you are none the worse."

"Well, indeed, I am just as little the better," she replied, quite savagely.

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION.—No one does it so regularly, so effectually, so perseveringly, so punctually as the tax-collector. The fellow seems to have quite a call for the business.

Here are two "little 'uns" which I heard "let off" to-night:

Who was the smallest man mentioned in the Bible?—Knee-high Miah (Nehemiah).

Of whom was it recorded that he had no father?—Joshua, the son of none (Nun).

A negro, undergoing an examination, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, Sir, he's a member of Congress."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A DISPATCH dated, "Army of the Potomac, Wednesday, May 6," says:

The Army of the Potomac has recrossed the Rappahannock at United States and Banks's Fords, and is marching back to the old camps along the Acquia Railroad.

Sedgwick was overwhelmed by numbers, and pressed hard on both front and rear, and was hardly able to make good his escape near Banks's Ford. Fredericksburg and the heights beyond have been reoccupied by the enemy, and the situation is substantially as it was previous to the advance.

Sedgwick has lost in killed and wounded about 5000 men. His artillery and trains were safely brought over on Monday night.

After fighting the severe battle of Sunday morning General Hooker continued to strengthen his lines, throwing up double lines of rifle-pits, and constructing abattis along the entire line of his camp. The enemy continued to make demonstrations along the works, driving in the pickets and delivering volleys of musketry at men most exposed.

The artillery was placed on the heights below United States Ford, in a position to command the crossing.

At daylight a spirited cannonading was heard for half an hour at Banks's Ford, which was an unsuccessful attempt to shell Sedgwick's line. At United States Ford the crossing was effected without loss.

On Tuesday the Sixth Corps of Hooker's army, recently engaged at Chancellorsville, also recrossed the river at United States Ford, and are marching back to Falmouth.

The retreat of Hooker's Army produced a great panic at Acquia, and every thing movable was placed on board the boats at the landing.

The order for retreat was a surprise, as it was believed to be the determination to march out and attack the enemy in the front.

The crossing was commenced at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. At three o'clock on Wednesday morning wagon and mule trains and the artillery had all passed, and the infantry was crossing on two bridges at U. S. Ford. Couch's corps was in the advance. The retreat was covered by the Fifth, Meade's corps.

Lee's sharp-shooters picked off the artillery horses and fired on any mounted officer seen behind the rifle-pits. Troops could be seen marching and communicating along the roads southeast from Chancellorsville. In all advantageous positions batteries were run out and vigorously used against Hooker's camp. As soon as counter guns were brought to bear on their flying batteries, they would disappear to show themselves in some new position.

The effect of a movement, strategically offensive, made tactically defensive, soon produced a damaging effect on the entire army. The question again was the safety of the Army of the Potomac. Consultations were had with corps commanders; the question of the possibility of retreat was discussed. This once broached, and the campaign was a failure.

It was decided that the enemy was too powerful to be resisted, and that Sedgwick's corps must be rejoined to the army, in order to make an offensive movement practicable.

Sedgwick having failed to join Hooker *via* the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville plank road, and being hard pressed he crossed the Rappahannock and saved his corps from annihilation. The experiment cost him some 6000 men. He inflicted, doubtless, a much greater injury on the enemy.

Sedgwick's repulse, added to the weak counsels of certain of his corps commanders, shook Hooker's confidence, and forgetting that he was the aggressor, and that less than half his command had withstood the attack of the full force of the enemy, he in one fatal moment gave the order to evacuate the strong position and his fortified camp, and to retreat across the Rappahannock at United States Ford.

A defeat could have been little worse. The army is not panic-stricken, but it is certainly greatly demoralized by this inglorious retreat.

There was no time from Friday morning till Monday night that Hooker could not have attacked and defeated Lee's army. There only lacked the ability to give the order.

On Monday morning at daylight the enemy shelled, from the heights below Scott's Dam, the trains of Hooker's army at United States Ford. This circumstance increased the fears of the commanding general, and the longer he delayed to push forward the less was he able to advance.

On Tuesday the order was given to retreat. New roads were cut. The trains and reserve artillery were sent back and the evacuation was commenced.

"The army is safe," with 10,000 fewer men in its ranks, and a much larger number unfit for duty. The heavy rain of Tuesday night and Wednesday, and the chilling atmosphere has severely impaired the health of the men, who were wholly without means of shelter. The tents were left behind, and many lost their knapsacks in battle.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the morning of 30th April, General Sherman, with a fleet of transports, accompanied by gun-boats, passed up the Yazoo and made an attack on the rebel batteries. In the afternoon several more transports followed, with troops on board. It is reported that General Sherman landed precisely in the same place he did when he made the former attack. Cannonading and musketry were distinctly heard at Young's Point that day, till long after nightfall. A gentleman who left New Carthage on 29th, states that a very heavy force of General Grant's army has been landed on the Mississippi side of the river eight miles above Grand Gulf, and that our gun-boats had been shelling the latter place for several days. A dispatch from the rebel General Pemberton to the War Department at Richmond, dated the 29th ult., at Jackson, Mississippi, also states that six gun-boats, averaging ten guns each, opened a terrific fire upon the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, at seven o'clock that morning, and continued without intermission for six hours and a half, when they withdrew. He says that several boats were apparently damaged and one disabled, which was then lying on the Louisiana shore below.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE BLACKWATER.

A reconnoissance in large force was made by the army of General Peck on 3d from Suffolk, under Generals Getty and Harlan and Colonels Stevens and Dutton, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy on the south side of the Nansemond, and learning whether General Longstreet had withdrawn to aid General Lee. It resulted in a very serious and sharp encounter with the rebels, in which our troops did valiant service. The gallantry of the officers is described as magnificent. The enemy were driven into the woods in disorder, and on the following morning there were none of them to be found within twelve miles of Suffolk, except the wounded left behind. It would appear that they had commenced a retreat for the purpose of joining General Lee before the reconnoissance was made. They fled along the South Key road, and were hotly pursued on Monday by General Corcoran and the Irish Legion. He captured and sent back several prisoners. Our losses were small compared with the importance of the undertaking.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

It is said that the *Ironsides* was to cross the bar at Charleston on the 2d instant, and the Monitors on the 4th. This, if true, would indicate the commencement of a second attack on the forts in Charleston harbor.

FROM ALABAMA.

According to rebel accounts, General Dodge has advanced eleven miles east of Tuscumbia. He had met the rebel General Forrest, and fighting was reported to be going on on the 29th ult. General Dodge was in possession of Courtland, Alabama, on the 25th. Jackson, Mississippi, dispatches represent General Grant at Union Church on the Natchez and Hazelhurst road arriving at Natchez.

GENERAL BANKS ON THE RED RIVER.

General Banks has taken possession of Alexandria, Louisiana, a town situated near the head of navigation on the Red River, thus cutting off the rebel supplies by that water highway. An expedition to Pearl River, for the purpose of capturing several rebel steamers and schooners concealed there proved entirely successful. Since the occupation of the Attakapas country by our troops, the people are flocking eagerly to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and claim the protection of its flag.

REBEL RAID INTO WEST VIRGINIA.

The Union forces under General Mulligan were repulsed by a body of twelve thousand rebels, near Fairmont, in Western Virginia, on 1st May. They destroyed the bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Cheat River and Fairmont, and five others. General Mulligan lost two hundred and fifty men taken prisoners, but got all his artillery off in safety.

Morgantown was occupied by the rebels in large force, and considerable depredations committed in that locality. On 2d General Mulligan was joined by General Kenley with reinforcements, at Grafton.

A PIRATE CAPTURED.

The brig *Leonidas*, from St. Domingo March 28, has arrived at New Bedford, and reports that she was chased into St. Domingo by the rebel pirate *Retribution*. The captain states positively that the United States steamer *Alabama* came down and captured the *Retribution*, and when last seen had her safe in port at St. Domingo.

ARREST OF VALLANDIGHAM.

The arrest of the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, at Dayton, Ohio, by a posse of soldiers sent from Cincinnati on 5th for that purpose, has created considerable excitement in both cities. A stubborn resistance was made at Mr. Vallandigham's house before his person was secured. The fire bells were then rung and an attempt was made by his friends to rescue him, but without success. He was carried off to Cincinnati. An immense mob then assembled in Dayton, cut the telegraph wires, and set fire to the office of the *Journal*, a radical paper. The telegraph office was closed for fear of an attack by the people. The charges against Mr. Vallandigham are not stated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. ADAMS'S TICKET OF LEAVE.

MR. ADAMS, United States Minister in London, has given a special written license to a vessel to carry a cargo to the port of Matamoros. The license was in the shape of a letter addressed to Admiral Du Pont, guaranteeing the character of the cargo, so that she might pass the Union cruisers. This certificate was granted at the instance of Messrs. Howell and Zerman—an American and Mexican—contractors, who found some difficulty in obtaining an insurance on the cargo. Mr. Adams's letter was made public, and its contents created quite an excited and irritable state of feeling in England against the United States. A deputation of British merchants and shippers engaged in the Mexican trade had mentioned the matter in an address to Earl Russell, who professed to be mightily disturbed by the fact. The London *Times* bellows as usual.

THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

The Anglo-rebel gun-boat *Alexandra* has been "exchequered" at Liverpool, and it is stated that the Government contemplate legal proceedings against the builders.

POLAND.

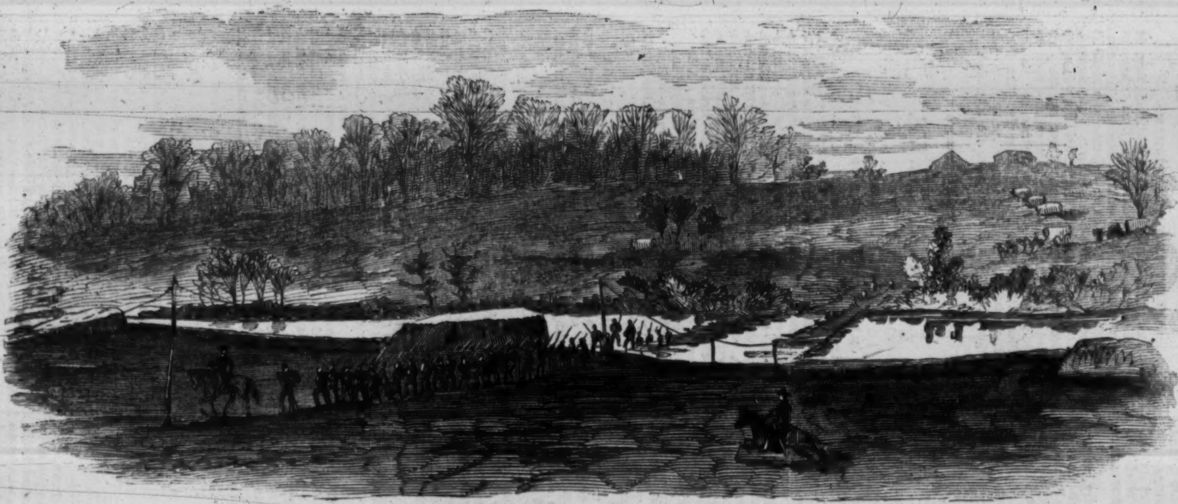
THE REBELLION.

The notes forwarded by England, France, and Austria to the Court of St. Petersburg, on the subject of the Polish revolution, have been presented to the Czar, and caused a "sensation" in the Russian Cabinet. The Czar had not yet published his reply. In the mean time the Swedish Government was making considerable armaments. Iron-clad ships had been ordered, and engineers were actively engaged in fortifying the port of Carlscrona, the chief dock-yard of the Swedish navy, which is to be rendered capable of refitting not only the Swedish men-of-war but also "the squadrons of those Powers whose interest it might be to station a naval force in those waters." Prussia adhered to her leaning toward Russia. The Russian amnesty was published at Warsaw, and found less comprehensive than it had been represented, as the leaders of the insurrection are excluded from its benefits. It had not induced a single insurgent to lay down his arms, and engagements continued between the Russians and the Poles with varying fortunes.

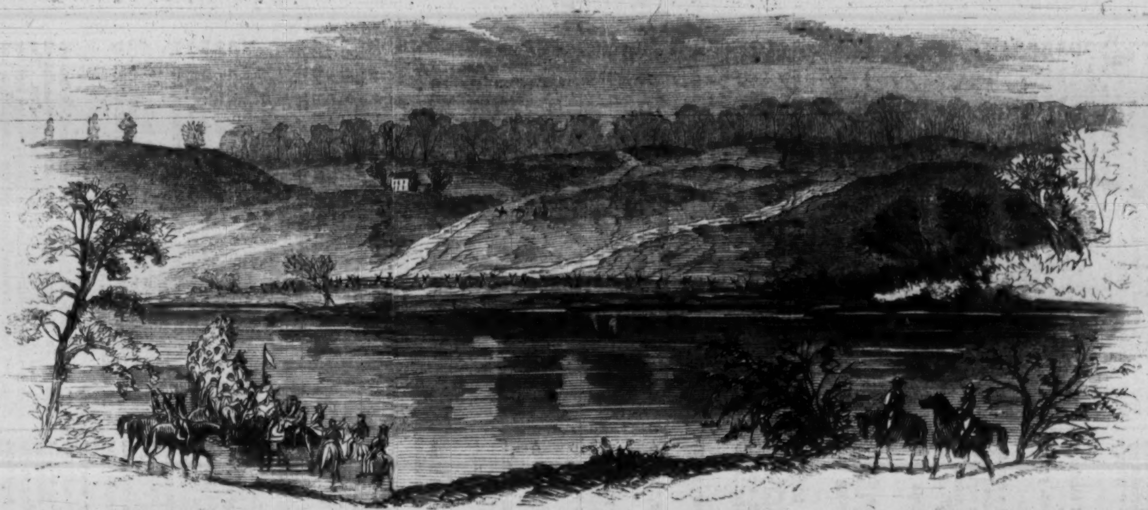
MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

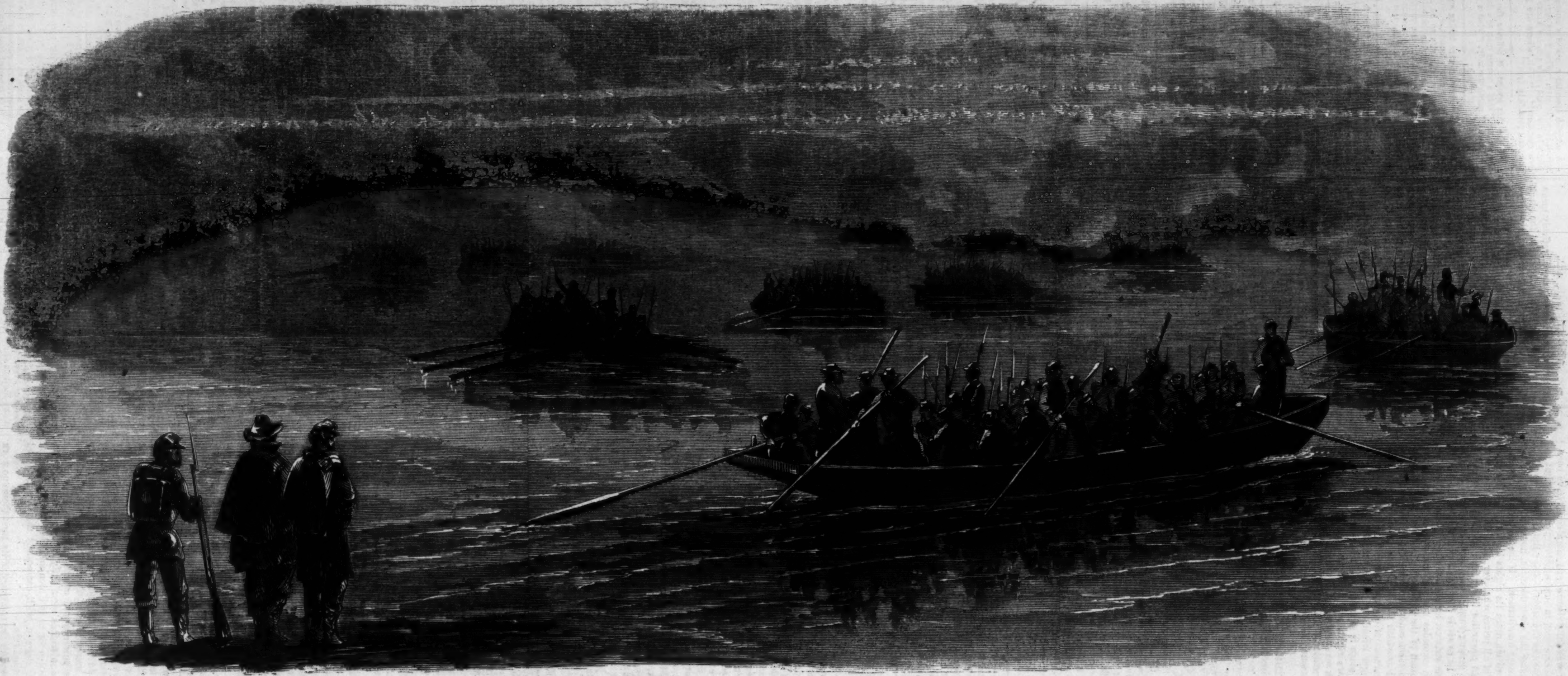
The latest news from Mexico shows that, with all their tremendous exertions, the French army of invaders are not yet in possession of the city of Puebla. Up to the 10th of April the struggle for the possession of that city was going on warmly on both sides, and while the French, with their superior artillery and small-arms, were slowly advancing, the undisciplined Mexicans were heroically disputing with their invaders the possession of every inch of their independent territory. The French accounts tardily acknowledge that "the Mexicans were fighting with valor and resolution." The two strongest fortresses of Puebla were still holding out at last accounts, though General Forey writes to the Emperor, with all confidence, that he expects to reduce the place and occupy the city.



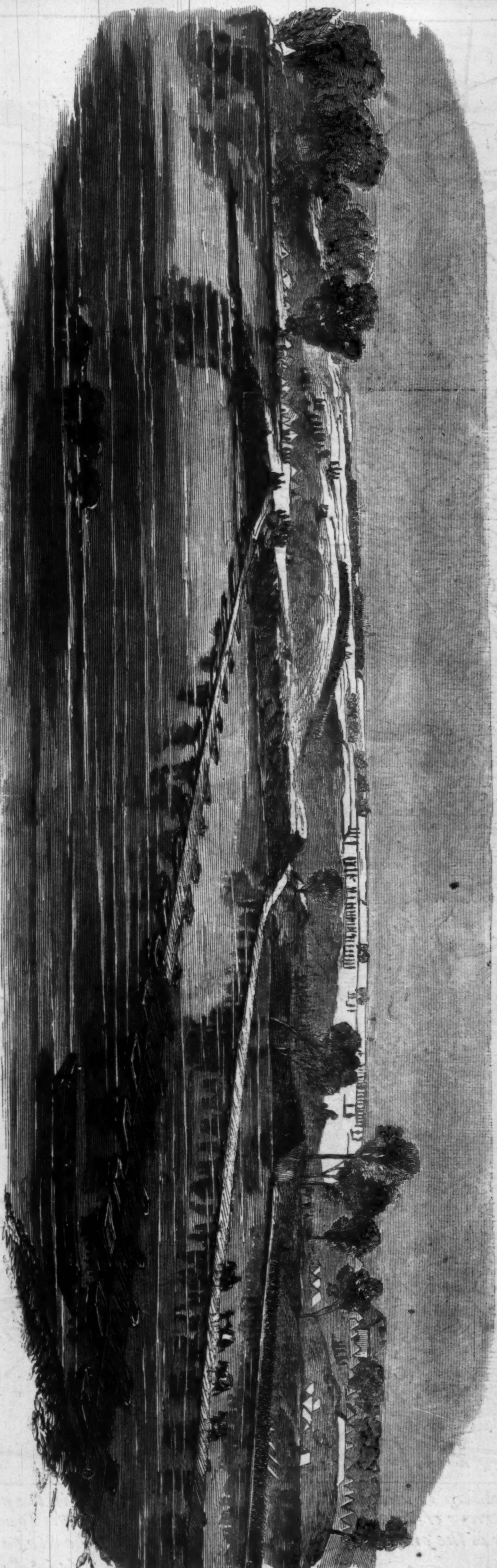
BRIDGES AND RIFLE-PITS AT UNITED STATES FORD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



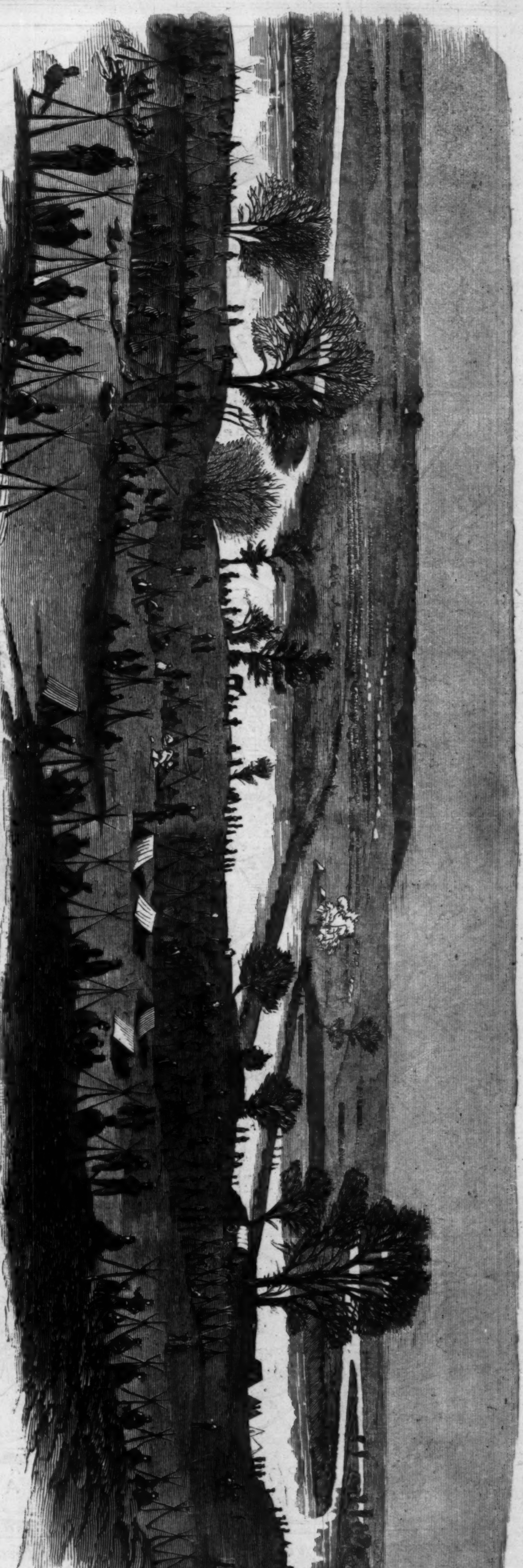
THE 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY CROSSING AT ELY'S FORD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



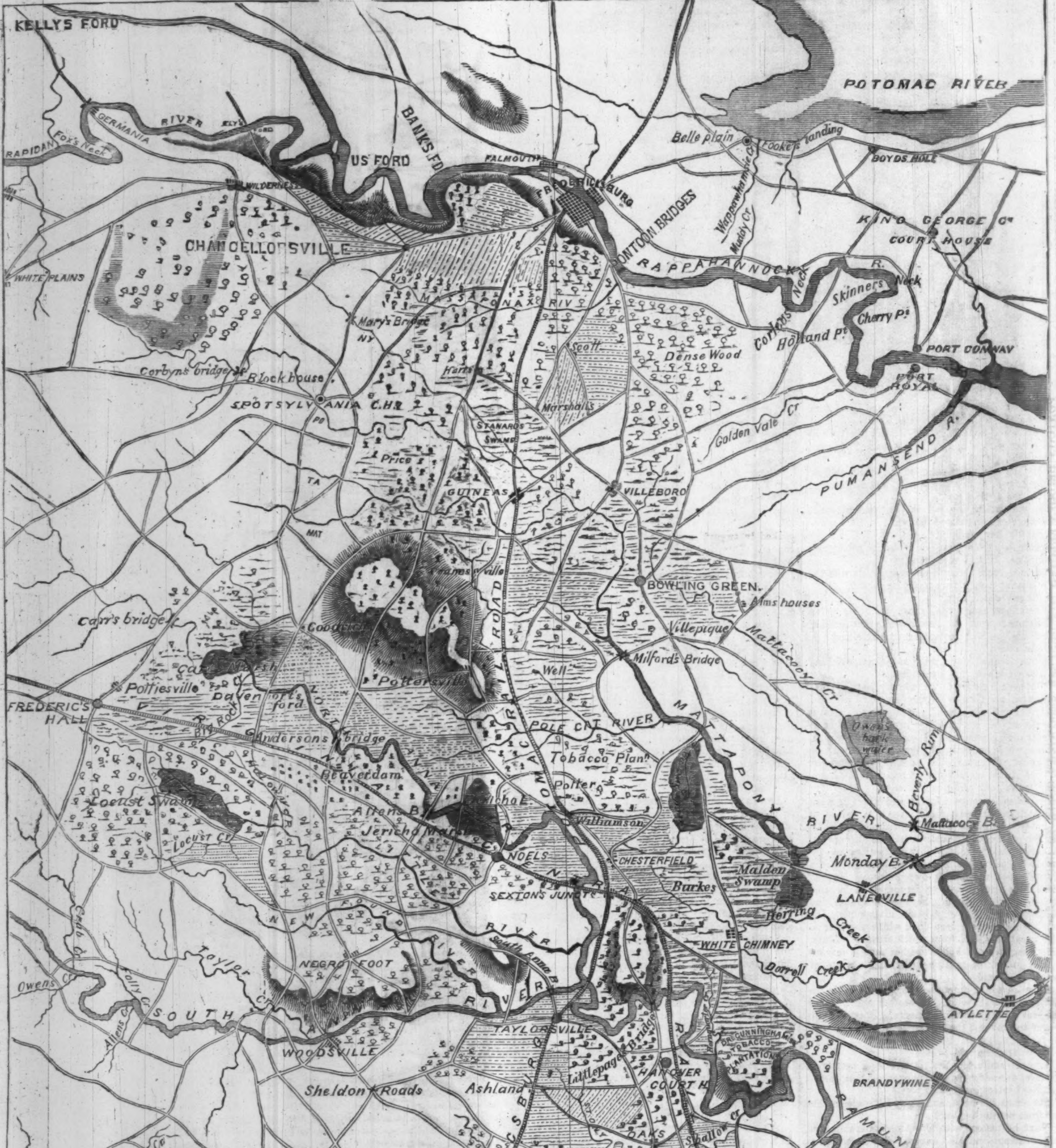
RUSSELL'S BRIGADE (FIRST DIVISION SIXTH ARMY CORPS) CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN PONTOONS TO STORM THE REBEL WORKS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



PONTOON BRIDGES ERECTED FOR GENERAL SEDGWICK'S CORPS TO CROSS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



PONTOON BRIDGES OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK, BUILT FOR REYNOLDS'S CORPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD FROM THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS.—[SEE PAGE 315.]


KELLYS FORD
POTOMAC RIVER
RAPIDAN
Fox's Neck
GERMANIA
RIVER
US FORD
BANKS FD
FALMOUTH
FREDERICKSBURG
PONTOON BRIDGES
Belle plain
Fooke's landing
BOYDS HOLE
KING GEORGE Co
COURT HOUSE
WILDERNESS
CHANCELLORSVILLE
WHITE PLAINS
RAPPAHANNOCK
Skinners Neck
Corbins Neck
Holland Pt
Cherry Pt
PORT CONWAY
PORT ROYAL
Mary's Bridge
Scott
Dense Wood
Harts
Marshalls
Corbyns bridge
Block house
SPOTSYLVANIA C.H.
STANARDS SWAMP
Golden Vale Cr
PUMANSEND R.
Price
GUINEAS
VILLEBORO
TA
MAT
BOWLING GREEN.
Alms houses
Villepique
Mattacony Cr
Milford's Bridge
Carr's bridge
Goodalls
Pottersville
Well
FREDERIC'S HALL
Poltiesville
Davenports ford
Andersons bridge
POLE CAT RIVER
MATTAPONY
Tobacco Plantn
Beaverdam
Potter
Owens
Locust Swamp
Locust Cr
Allans Br
Jericho Marsh
Williamson
RIVER
Mattacony Br
NOELS
CHESTERFIELD
Malden Swamp
Monday Br
LANEVILLE
SEXTON'S JUNCTION
Burkes
Herring Creek
NEW
RIVER
South Anna Br
WHITE CHIMNEY
Dorrell Creek
Taylor
Owens Cr
Folly Cr
NEGRO FOOT
Allens Cr
SOUTH
TAYLORSVILLE
Littlepage's Bridge
AYLETTE
DR. GUNNINGHAMS TOBACCO PLANTATIONS
WOODSVILLE
HANOVER COURT H.
BRANDYWINE
Sheldon Roads
Ashland
Shallow Cr
PAMUNKEY
Meredith's bridge
Beaverdam Cr
GOOCHLAND C.H.
Totopotomoy Cr
Newcastle
PIPING TREE
Whipple's C.R.
COAL PITS
ATLEES
HUNGARY
CEDAR SWAMP
BROOK RUN
Atlee's sta
Walnut Grove C.H.
WHITEHOUSE
DOVER
JAMES RIVER
Jones Cr
DEEP RUN
Meadow Br
Mechanicsville Br
Tunstall's
BUSH HILL
PLANK ROAD
New Br
CHICKAHOMINY
Black
RICHMOND
KANAWAH
CANALS
Fair Oaks
Orchard
JAMES RIVER
ARSENAL
POWHATTAN
Coal Mines
COTTSVILLE
RICHMOND & DANVILLE R.R.
RICHMOND
Seven
ROAD
Bottoms Br

A Topographical Map of EASTERN VIRGINIA from "Fredericksburg" to "Richmond," taken from tracings (now in the possession of the Government) of the original Railroad Surveys of this portion of the State, comprising the Topography for Six Miles on each side of the track. This is the only reliable Map of this portion of the State ever made.

0 5 10 15 20
Scale of Miles

Charles Sholl Topographical Eng.

CAULIFLOWER.

I.

["WHAT *did* you bring home company for, Rhett? You knew the cook had gone.] How do you do, Mr. Romley, glad to see you. Why didn't your sister come with you? should have been delighted to have had her here. There's your bell, Rhett. I've been to lunch, and if you'll excuse me Sophie will pour tea. Here Sophie, Sophie, you can finish that embroidery this afternoon; go with Rhett and Mr. Romley now, I must keep my engagement with Mrs. Chetwood. Good-morning, Mr. Romley: I hope you'll make yourself perfectly at home."

And Mrs. Rhett Wyatt bowed herself off, and young Mr. Rhett Wyatt, her son, went scowling after her to make some demand or inquiry concerning his friend Romley's entertainment. He came back with a blacker scowl, and muttering too audibly,

"Selfish."

Jem Romley, the new guest, observing all this, thought: "A fine lady for a mother, hey? By George! I'd rather have our old barn of a house now, with Aunt Sarah in it, than this ancestral ark of splendor ornamented with that lay figure. Sophie, eh; who's Sophie, her waiting-maid?"

They went out to lunch: a great display of plate, and glass, and lovely old china; with three scraggy bits of beef on one dish, a few slices of bread, cut thinly, upon another, and a plate of dry, shrunk olives.

Behind the tea-service appeared the little dark head of a girl scarcely more than a child.

"My sister Sophie, Romley," said Rhett, indicating her with a nod, as if it were not apparent otherwise.

"My sister Sophie" returned the inclination of young Romley with a grave bow, and commenced pouring tea as they sat down.

The scowl still lingered on the host's brow; it grew heavier as he tasted the beef.

"Stuff!" he ejaculated.

"Sam"—to the solemn waiter—"isn't there any thing better in the house than this?"

Before the stolid Sam could gather his wits the little lady at the tea-tray coolly remarked,

"I'll see to it, Rhett."

Whereupon she slipped down from her perch and skipped from the room, while her brother rubbed his hands and complacently exclaimed,

"*She'll* do it!"

Romley looked his surprise, and Rhett, catching the look, laughed, then explained.

"Sophie's a genius in the culinary way. Three years ago, when she was only ten, she'd get up a *ragout* fit for Soyer himself. Every thing's always at sixes and sevens here," he kept on, heedless of the servant's presence. "The cook's always gone, and the whole house upside down. I warned you, you know. Wonder what Sophie will improvise now out of that old chaotic kitchen. It'll be something worth your while, you'll see."

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and Rhett fingered his watch impatiently, casting anxious glances at his guest. But Jem Romley, though hungry as a school-boy, magnanimously repressed all outward indication, and talked volubly of Rhett's great interest—the new mare, Zoraide, who had won in a ten-mile race against his own Furore. He had wound Rhett up to betting fervor, when in came Sophie, her cheeks on fire, her eyes in a blaze, and sparkling like two very black diamonds. She bore in her hands a deep dish, which she carried with great care, and from which arose a delicate, appetizing steam. Following her came a servant with a platter of mutton-chops and a plate of freshly cut bread.

With an air of intense satisfaction Sophie deposited her dish before her brother and resumed her seat at the tea-tray opposite. Rhett drew it nearer and inhaled the odor. A smile passed over his face.

"Oysters," he said.

Another smile, the first Romley had seen upon *her* face, dawned now as she negatived this guess.

"Not oysters, not oyster pâté."

She shook her head, and a gay little gleam shot out from her dark eyes.

Next he tasted, with slow, meditative air, and still wearing a puzzled expression. Then he appealed to Romley. Romley was as much in the dark as himself; but both agreed in pronouncing it the most delectable compound they had ever tasted. Over it they made a hundred guesses, always wrong, plunging deeper than ever into their puzzle.

Behind the tea-tray beamed and sparkled the little dark face of Sophie, gay and triumphant.

They rose from the table as ignorant as they sat down, but laughing and jovial through her means. At dinner the three met again in the presence of a fourth—Mr. Rhett Wyatt, Sen., whom Jem Romley saw now for the first time: a man whom nature intended for a brilliant, genial gentleman, but whom some sharp disappointments, some disillusions probably, had marred into a selfish, morose man.

He welcomed Romley cordially enough, but indifferently, and flung himself into his chair with an angry glance at the empty one opposite. "Mamma is at the Chetwoods'," explained Sophie.

An audible "Humph!" was Mr. Wyatt's only response; then removing the cover from the soup he inhaled its odor, and ejaculating "burnt!" he pushed it from him, commanding Sam to remove it.

"The cook has left," again explained Sophie.

Mr. Wyatt's eyes flashed stormily, and he growled out something suspiciously like an oath.

Rhett took this exhibition coolly, as if he were used to it; but Sophie grew red as she darted a swift glance from her father to the guest.

The dinner proceeded in this uncomfortable silent manner until Mr. Wyatt helped himself to one of the *entremets*. His dark brow cleared, and the storm lifted, showing the ray of a smile.

"Sam, who got this up?"

"Miss Sophie, Sir," stammered Sam.

"You, Sophie?"

"Sophie has a natural genius for concocting messes," volunteered Rhett. "She's saved my temper from popping over, when it was at boiling point, many a time."

"Why didn't you ever save mine before?" asked Mr. Wyatt, with grim humor.

Sophie laughed, but did not reply; and then he asked:

"What is it?"

There was a fraction of a minute in hesitation, and then, in a demure voice, Sophie murmured:

"Cauliflower."

"Cauliflower!" exclaimed the three gentlemen in concert.

"Cauliflower." Sophie's eyes were cast down, but they were sending forth from beneath dusky lashes dancing sparkles of enjoyment as she quietly proceeded. "There were no oysters in the house, and no vegetables but cauliflowers. I thought I would make those do."

"Do—well *how* did you *do* them, Soyer?"

The little dark head bridled, and a dash of disdain curved the mouth.

"It was my own fancy. I tried the experiment last summer one day, when mamma and all the rest were away at the White Mountains. I came home from school, and couldn't find any body, or any thing in the house but cauliflower."

She laughed. Her father and brother looked at each other with half smiles, tinged with pain. They forgot their own discomforts, as they contemplated this forlorn little picture of Sophie, alone, and tired, and hungry, with nobody to care for her, and forced to cook her own dinner out of such scant materials, while mamma was away pleasuring, and the servants gadding and neglectful, *par exemple* of their mistress.

Rhett broke the pause.

"Tell us the other ingredients, Sophie."

"Oh nothing but a mixture of mustard, pepper, a trifle of chopped egg, and bread crumbs, a dash of sage, and a little oil, all pressed together and cooked in twenty minutes, over a slow fire," she replied, glibly, in the wise phraseology of a cook-book.

"Sophie, you're a trump!" ejaculated Rhett, with his mouth full.

"She's a genius," commented Romley, bowing gravely at the small grave face.

"She deserves public acknowledgment—a fête, or a feast," broke in Mr. Wyatt, laughing genially. "Sophie, I must pledge you and your services over a bottle of Burgundy. Sam, the third row, and the third bottle."

Sophie's eyes sparkled brighter than the Burgundy as she touched her lips to this sacred wine of her father's choicest keeping. He could pay her no greater compliment. Rhett pledged her in gay, good-natured phrase; but it remained for Romley to carry off the palm of the joke as he dipped his yellow mustache into his brimming glass, and murmured,

"Cauliflower."

From a jest this name became a habit, and clung to the little dark girl from thenceforward long after she lost her diminutive distinction. As children are called Pet, Daisy, Bun, or any other household appellation, so Sophie after this, at first in jest, at last by constant repetition, answered unthinkingly to the name of "Cauliflower."

Apparently the least considered of any one in the house, Jem Romley, discovered that she had wonderful influence to harmonize the distracting elements of her family.

Small, childish, silent, she somehow, in a soft, unchildish way smoothed out the roughnesses, palliated the discomforts, and raised the moral and domestic tone in a remarkable manner. She was like a ray of sunshine through stormy, drifting clouds. And it was with real respect, such as men feel for mature women, that prompted Jem Romley to touch his lips to that tiny brown hand as he bade her "good-by."

"I shall see you again next Christmas," he said. But he was mistaken. He never repeated his visit to Eppling. And it was many years before he saw Sophie Wyatt again.

II.

A YOUNG man threading a dark and narrow street in Rome, was suddenly checked in his progress by a violent collision. He looked up as he started back with a hasty exclamation; but the "pardone, Signor," in liquid Italian speech, touched him like a mellow atmosphere.

He passed on, came out by St. Peter's, and went in amidst the kneeling crowds, thinking,

"How sweet these Italians' tones!" and, "what a gracious mien they have!" and there, leaning back in a shadowy corner, was the same figure whose onward impetus had just now jarred body and temper aside, to be so miraculously restored by a musical language.

It was an elderly, not an old man, and his eyes burned darkly under a slouched hat, in hollow, haggard sockets.

"A Protestant and a stranger, but how at home in that silver tongue!" mused the younger man.

"A long resident perhaps. His face seems familiar. He looks like the Florentine I met at Padua last spring. Can he be English, or American?"

Then his attention was distracted by a lovely Roman girl, and he forgot his speculations until that evening, as he sat at his window at the Hôtel de Londres, the same tall figure went sauntering by. "I have certainly seen that face before," muttered the young traveler, pulling hard at his yellow mustache, as if to help his memory.

In the morning, as he was taking his walk to the Pincian Hills, again the same meeting. This time the elder man seemed conscious and disturbed. He drew his hat closer down over his eyes, and hurried past.

The other, from a mere passing interest, now began to feel a haunting curiosity. He hunted his memories for some recollection that he was convinced had only escaped him.

At last he got a clew. Sitting one morning in an artist friend's studio, he saw from the window his mysterious street acquaintance sauntering slowly along under the arches of the opposite wall. His exclamation brought the artist to his side.

"Why, he's a fellow-countryman of yours. De Launay knows him; says his name is Viot."

"Where is De Launay?"

"Gone out of town, I believe."

So the thread of the clew snapped. He had given it up as vain, when one day he was taking a stroll through the suburbs of the city, wishing he could hear from home, or could meet a home face, and hear the English tongue spoken with a home accent, when, as if to answer his thoughts, a voice said,

"Come out and walk, child; you stay in the house too much."

It was the English tongue, and it had a home accent. Where was it? It seemed at his very ear.

There was a shaded portico just beyond; above it rose the loftier arches of the old Roman architecture.

Two steps, and a picture was revealed. A dark and handsome man reclined in the portico. He held between two fingers a long slender pipe, with amber mouth-piece; but his face was turned away toward the door that led inward. It did not need the slouched hat to identify him to our young traveler.

An overwhelming curiosity held him motionless to the spot: as he stood a girl came out from within, and, looking up at the sky, said,

"It is going to rain, papa; I think I had better wait for my walk until the shower passes."

Her eyes fell from their glance at the sky to her father. She rested her hand upon his shoulder, and smiled.

"Sophie, you are getting thin. You want change. We will go to Florence and see Rhett."

The young spy outside made two impulsive bounds, and astonished the tranquil occupants of the portico with outstretched hands and cordial exclamations as he stood before them.

"Mr. Wyatt, is it possible! and Miss Sophie! And Rhett in Florence. How delightful! I thought your face was familiar, Sir, but I couldn't quite make it out."

"And so you dogged my footsteps to find me at last, you young scamp," replied Mr. Wyatt, with the good-humor of a person who is obliged to make the best of a thing not altogether acceptable; but Jem Romley was too heartily glad over this meeting to criticise very deeply at present—glad to hear all about Rhett, who was painting at Florence, and to talk about Rome with those who had lived there so long.

"Six years, is it possible? Why it don't seem six months now since I was down at Eppling. Do you remember the Cauliflower, Miss Sophie?"

Mr. Wyatt's brow knit for a moment, and he puffed savagely at his pipe; but it cleared again as Sophie's laugh sounded, and she answered, brightly,

"Oh yes, I remember, Mr. Romley, and you christened me with the name which I wear yet. Rhett scarcely calls me any thing else to this day."

"Is it so? Well, it delights me to find that I have had the least link of association with you and Rhett all this time. You know I was coming down at Christmas; but I went to South America with my father for his health. I was there five years. Last year I came to Rome. I have written repeatedly to Rhett in the interval, but never a word from him."

"We broke up before that Christmas, Mr. Romley. Sold Eppling, and, after my wife's death, shook the dust of its country from our feet to come to Rome, cheap, dirty, artistic old Rome, where we burrow in dark dismantled holes like this, and console our republican feelings with dreams of its past ducal races. This very room held a king once, I have no doubt, Mr. Romley. You must take that for your entertainment, young Sir. I have no Burgundy left."

There was bitterness in this tone, in the words, though an attempt at saturnine jocularity. Romley understood all from it. The broken fortunes, the lost home, the proud spirit hiding its dismantled condition in this dismantled old villa, in "cheap, dirty, artistic Rome."

His ready sympathetic heart ached at the picture; but as he looked at his host's face he felt that there was a gain somewhere. It was thin and dark and hollow-eyed, but he missed the selfish, dissipated air he remembered at Eppling.

Spite of worldly ruin Mr. Wyatt looked a happier man, and a better, though he sneered and growled at fate and fortune alternately, and turned his back upon all old acquaintances with persistent pride.

The shower Sophie had predicted fell heavily as they talked, and thus delayed the young man was persuaded to remain to lunch.

As he looked at Sophie taking her place at the tea-tray he thought of the little dark girl who had surprised him in that place six years ago. She caught his look, smiled, and asked,

"Well, has she changed much?"

"Not much. As I look I remember a little slim girl whose head and shoulders just appeared above the table. I see the same head almost, but higher up."

"Oh yes, I am quite tall. I was thirteen then. I am nineteen now."

There was a quaint simplicity, lady-like but free, about her whenever she spoke that carried a childlike atmosphere with her. Romley could have half believed that he had been taking but an after-dinner nap at Eppling as he listened.

Besides the tea there was a flask of wine, and as Mr. Wyatt touched his lips to his glass he made a rueful face, and ridiculed the notion that in Italy one could live on "rare old wine and purple figs."

"Yes, it *is* rare," he muttered, "as gold. My Burgundy at home was better than any I have found since."

"But I have something for Mr. Romley that he will like better than Burgundy perhaps, for association." And Sophie's eyes danced.

As she spoke he scented a faintly-remembered odor from the delicate steam arising from a dish beside his plate.

"Cauliflower!" Her laugh tinkled airily in with his own at this word, and brought back still more vividly six years ago.

And, like the days six years ago, they sat around the table pledging each other over the wonderful compound of cauliflower; the dark, grim face of Mr. Wyatt losing its gloomy mask, and shining with genial cheer, all at the touch of an enchantress—Cauliflower.

Once found, Jem Romley did not easily lose the Wyatts; and after the first burst of annoyance Mr. Wyatt himself seemed to forget their shabby though lofty old rooms, and the one servitor in place of the retinue at Eppling, and to grow brilliant and jovial at times in genial Jem Romley's presence.

Then all at once Rhett came, and the party was perfect.

They used to sit under the frowning arches, or in the garden under the shade of the ilex-trees, and discuss art, or talk of home, and a thousand things in which they had mutual interest. Always a little apart, bending over some feminine occupation, Sophie, naturally silent and still, would now and again join in their talk, or offer a modest word in their discussion.

Jem Romley thus got into the habit of watching her. He had thought her almost unchanged. He had said that it seemed hardly six months, these six years between. Gradually he came to think otherwise. Of great simplicity of manner, frank, even free in her quaint, childlike way, he began to feel a wide difference between then and now. With all her frankness, her gay simplicity, in her freest moments, he felt conscious of a fine cool distance, as it were, which sometimes amounted to loneliness, that set her in some interior way afar off from them, especially from him. In this observation he came to be aware that Sophie Wyatt had thoughts and feelings to which she never admitted them.

Watching her so closely, an unexpected but by no means an unnatural thing befell honest, unsuspicious Jem Romley. He got in love. A great, strong, manly fellow, with plenty of wit and wisdom and experience of life, he had a modest, reverent nature, which overlaid all the world's knowledge, and made him shyer than a boy of his own merits. To him then Sophie Wyatt, in her soft serenity, was something so far above him that he dared not approach her with the farthest suggestion of love. To him it was like

> "The desire of the moth for the star;"

and he might have gone on hiding his heart until this day had it not been for—Cauliflower.

It was a dismal, rainy day, and

> "Inside the melancholy little house"

the four friends contrived to pass the hours agreeably. Rhett painted bits of rainy sky, strips of campagna,

> —"with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses every where."

Romley overlooked, making suggestions which were never acted upon. Mr. Wyatt sat by the window and smoked continuously, while he read *Galignani*; and Sophie flitted in and out, "on household thoughts intent."

Rhett at length became too deeply absorbed for companionship. Mr. Wyatt leaned back in the embrasure of the window and dozed; and Romley softly but restlessly paced the floor, his "occupation gone," for Sophie was absent from the room. It was then, musing and building, what he thought to be an impossible castle, that he heard her voice humming old New England hymns as she moved about. It was a fine, tender voice, with a clear note of content breathing through it; and listening, he piled up the stones of his castle, half sighing as he did so.

He was in the midst of a bright scene, a vision of delight, when suddenly the thread snapped. There was a break in the tune; a little, low, suppressed cry of pain had ended it.

Obeying an impulse he ran out, darted across the hall and into the next apartment.

There she stood, quite pale, intent upon a wound in her hand, from which the blood was flowing profusely. She looked up as he approached, smiled nervously, and said,

"It is a mere scratch, I suppose; but I am always very foolish about the sight of blood."

It was a little wound, but it made a deeper in the tender heart of Jem Romley as he looked at it—as he, spite of remonstrance, stripped up his own handkerchief for bandages, while he thrust hers, crumpled and stained with blood, impulsively into his breast.

Perhaps the little hand trembled as he bound it; perhaps the courage, so strong and enduring to meet life, so faint at this small crisis, suggested hope, presented some gentle aspect of dependence which led him on to do what he did—to keep the hand in his, to kiss it reverently, to say so much in those few earnest, simple words—words that Sophie had been shyly yearning to hear, all the time, perhaps, that he had been yearning to say them.

And still holding her hand, still regarding that "little wound" with a mixture of pity and gratitude, he asks,

"How did it happen, dear?"

The gleam of a tender mirthfulness sprang into her face.

"How? I had forgotten until now. See!"

She pointed to a table. There lay a cauliflower. Piercing its green crispness was a knife, whose sharp point of blade showed through the side.

"And you cut your hand so?"

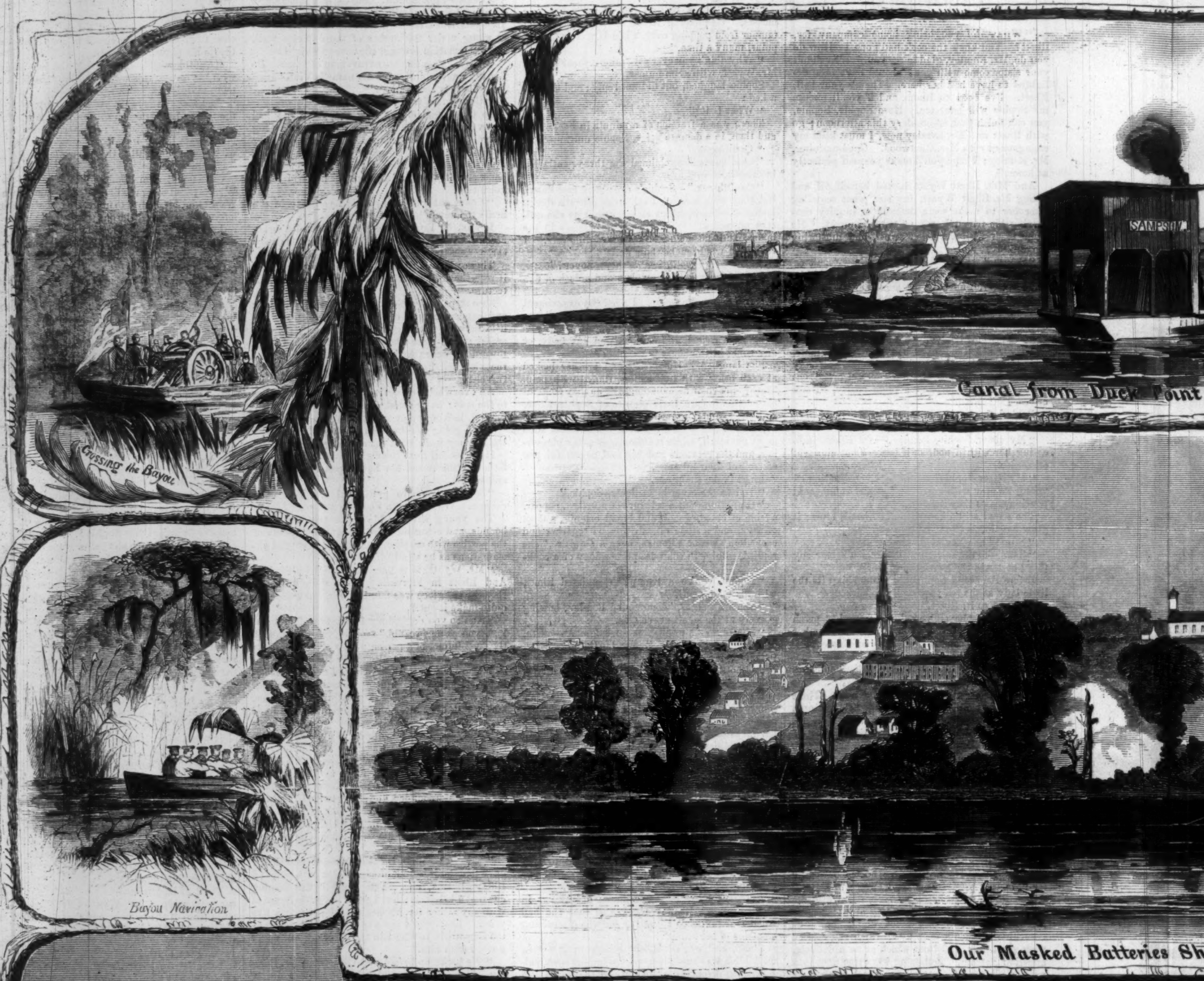
"Yes."

"Dear Cauliflower!" and he bent and kissed the hand again.

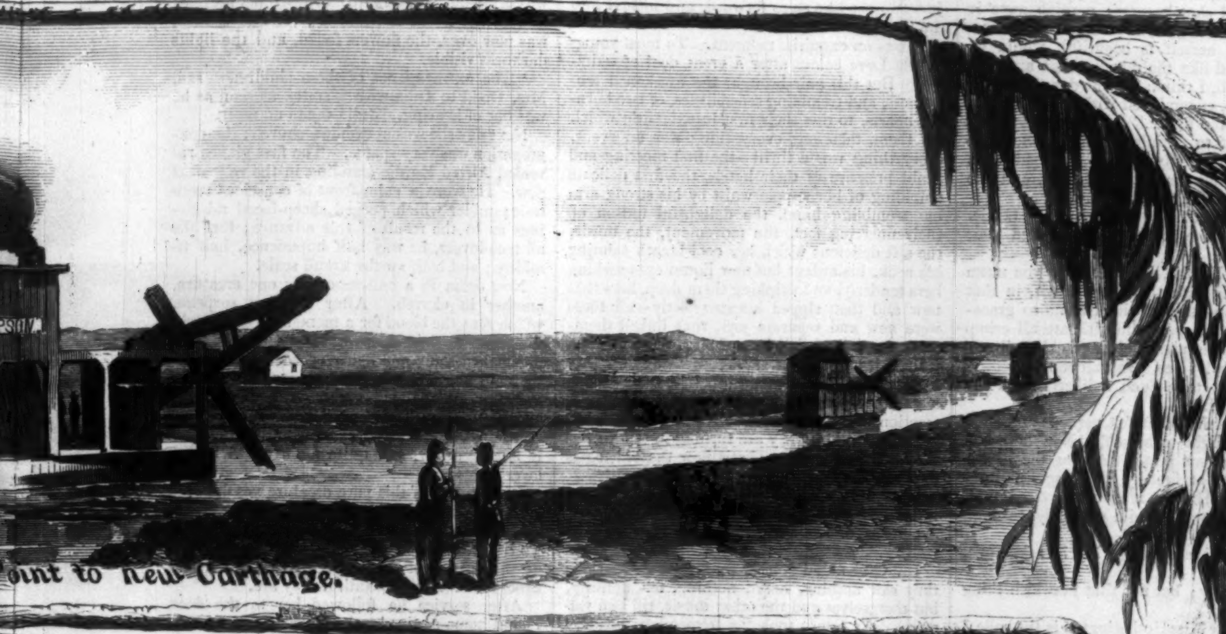
Lifting his head his eyes met hers; they both laughed.

"Sophie, when we are married I shall have a cauliflower to grace the wedding feast."

And he did.


Crossing the Bayou
Bayou Navigation
SAMPSON
Canal from Duck Point
Our Masked Batteries Sh
Porter's Fleet Running

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.—From Sketc



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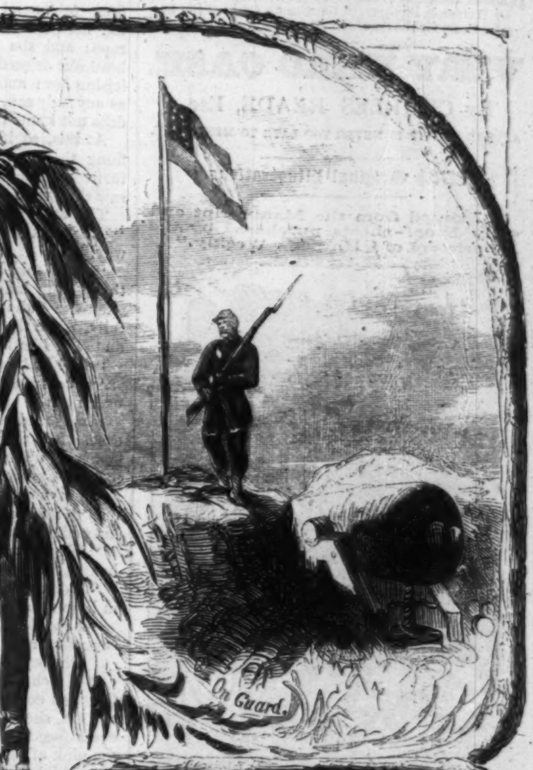

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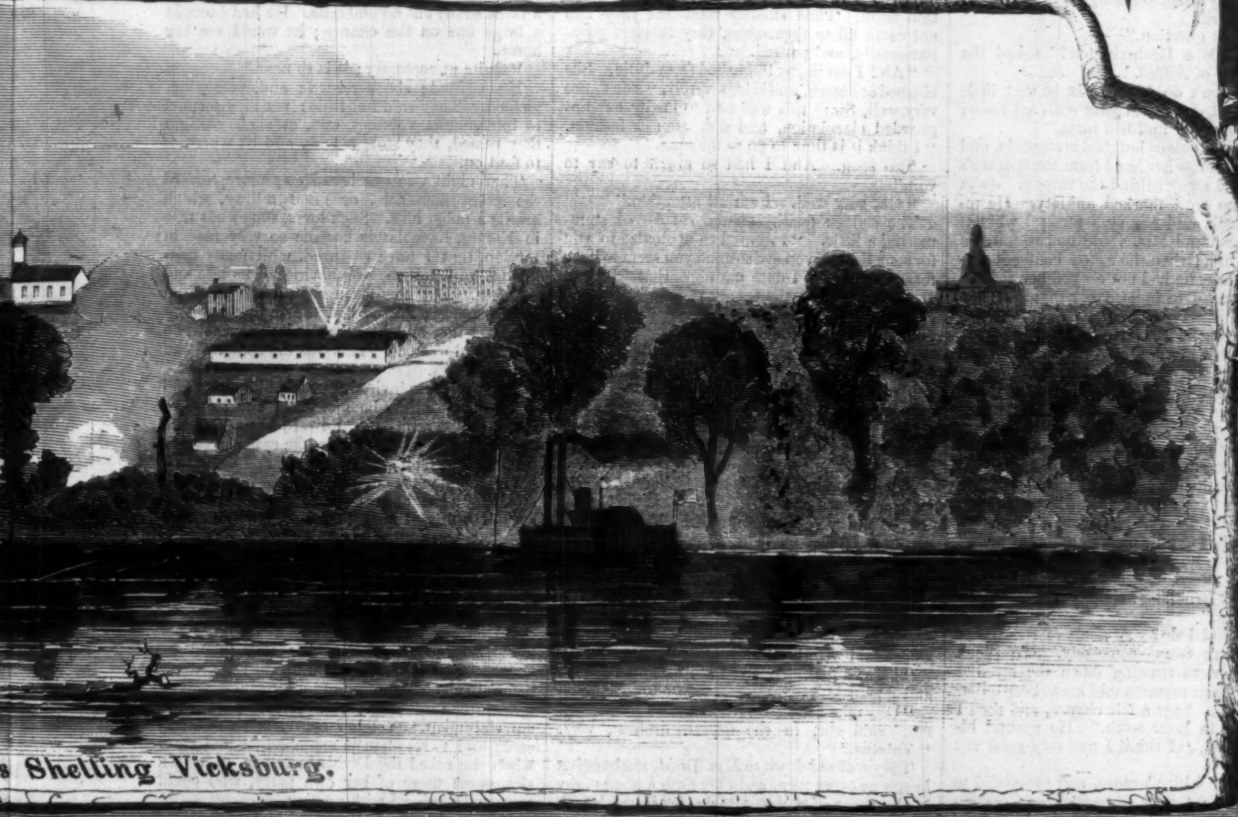

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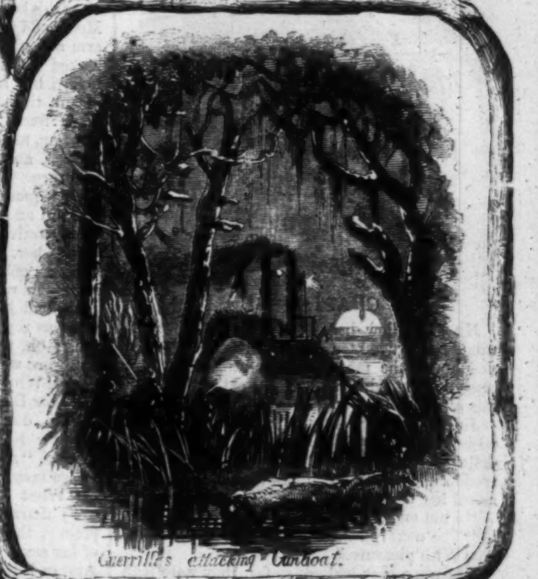
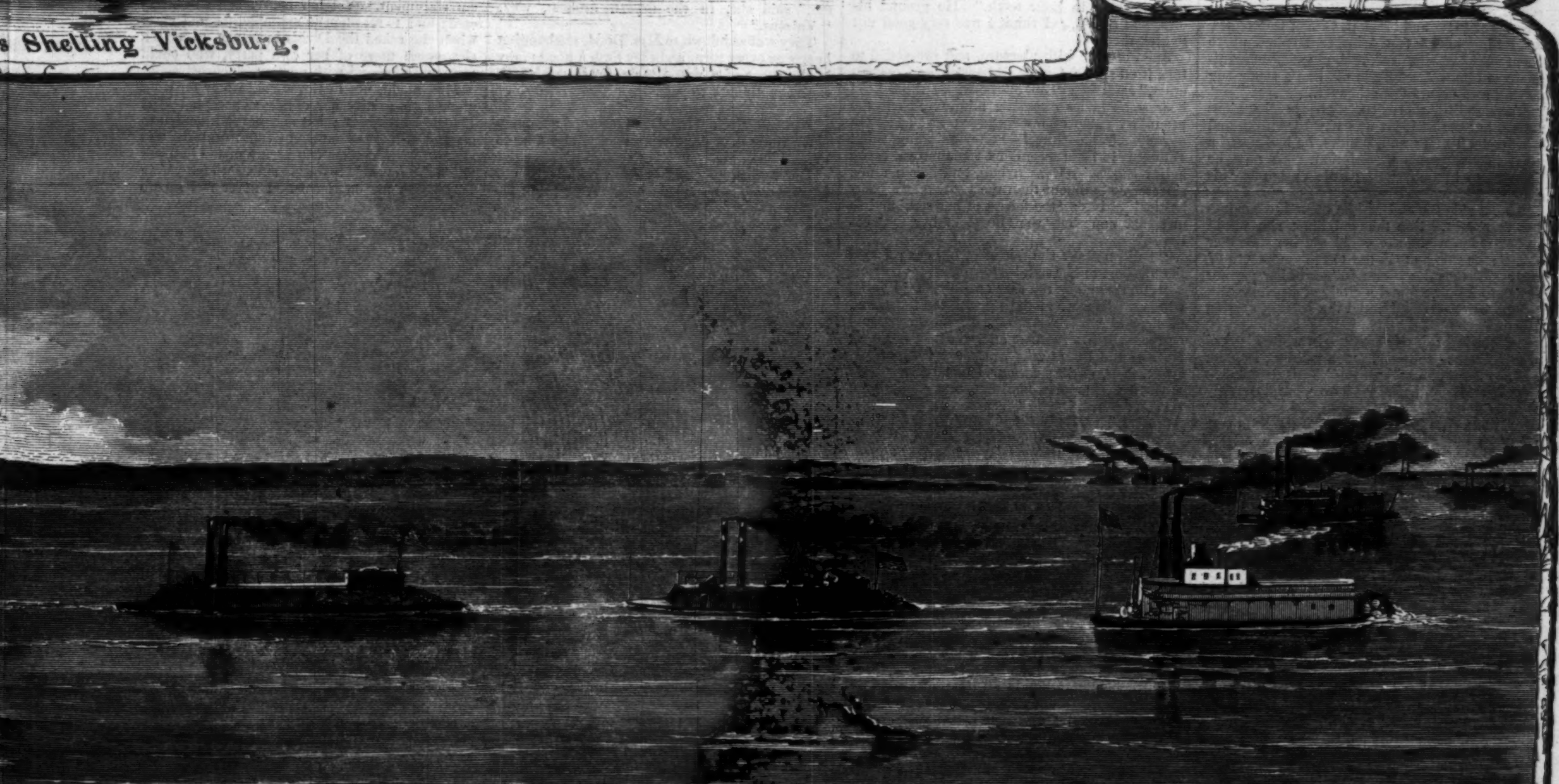


Guerrillas attacking Gunboat.



Vicksburg Batteries

Sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 315.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

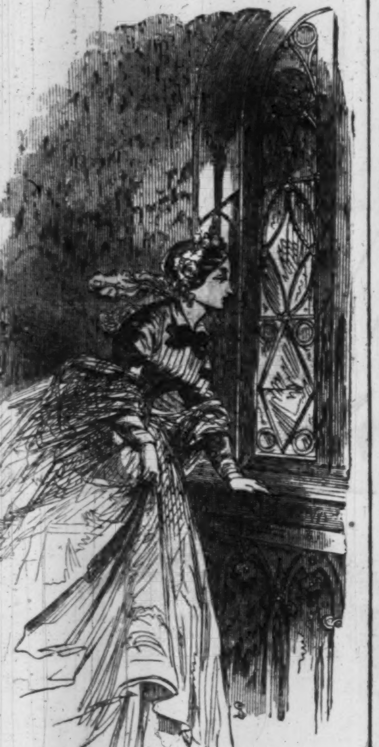
VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER VII.

He did follow her, and, convinced that she would be engaged ten deep in five minutes, hustled up to the master of the ceremonies and begged an introduction. The great banker's son was attended to at once.

Julia saw them coming, as her sex can see, without looking. Her eyes were on fire and a delicious blush on her cheeks when the M.C. introduced Mr. Alfred Hardie with due pomp. He asked her to dance.

"I am engaged for this dance."

"The next?" said Hardie, timidly.

"With pleasure."

But when they had got so far, they were both seized with bashful silence; and, just as Alfred was going to try and break it, Cornet Bosanquet, aged 18, height 5 feet 4 inches, strutted up to them with clanking heel, and, glancing haughtily up at him, carried Julia off, like a steam-tug towing away some fair schooner.

To these little thorns society treats all anxious lovers, but the incident was new to Alfred, and discomposed him; and, besides, he had nosed a rival in Sampson's prescription. So now he thought to himself, "that little ensign is 'his puppy.'"

To get rid of Mrs. Dodd he offered to conduct her to a seat. She thanked him; she would rather stand where she could see her daughter dance: on this he took her to the embrasure of a window opposite where Julia and her partner stood, and they entered a circle of spectators.

The band struck up, and the solemn skating began.

"Who is this lovely creature in white?" asked a middle-aged solicitor. "In white? I do not see any beauty in white," replied his daughter.

"Why, there, before your eyes," said the gentleman, loudly.

"What, that girl dancing with the little captain? I don't see much beauty in her. *And* what a rubbishing dress."

"It never cost a pound, making and all," suggested another Barkingtonian nymph.

"But what splendid pearls," said a third: "can they be real?"

"Real! what an idea!" ejaculated a fourth: "who puts on real pearls as big as peas with muslin at twenty pence the yard?"

"Weasels!" muttered Alfred, and quivered all over: and he felt to Mrs. Dodd so like a savage going to spring, that she laid her hand upon his wrist and said, gently, but with authority, "Be calm, Sir! and oblige me by not noticing these people."

Then they threw dirt on her bouquet, and then on her shoes, while she was winding in and out before their eyes a Grace, and her soft muslin drifting and flowing like an appropriate cloud round a young goddess.

"A little starch would make it set out better. It's as limp as a towel on the line."

"I'll be sworn it was washed at home."

"Where it was made."

"I call it a rag, not a gown."

"Do let us move," whispered Alfred.

"I am very comfortable here," whispered Mrs. Dodd. "How can these things annoy my ears while I have eyes? Look at her! She is by far the best dressed lady in the room; her muslin is Indian, and of a quality unknown to these provincial shop-keepers; a rajah gave it us: her pearls have been in every court in Europe; and she herself is beautiful, would be beautiful dressed like the dowdies who are criticising her: and, I think, Sir, she dances as well as any lady can, encumbered with an Atom that does not know the figure."

At this, as if to extinguish all doubt, Julia flung them a heavenly smile; she had been furtively watching them all the time, and she saw they were talking about her.

The other Oxonian squeezed up to Hardie. "Do you know the beauty? She smiled your way."

"Ah!" said Hardie, deliberately, "you mean that young lady with the court pearls, in that exquisite Indian muslin, which floats so gracefully, while the other muslin girls are all crimp and stiff, like little pigs clad in crackling."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes. Introduce me!"

"I could not take such a liberty with the queen of the ball."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, but felt nervous and ill at ease. She thought to herself, "Now here is a generous, impetuous pest." As for the hostile party, staggered at first by the masculine insolence of young Hardie, it soon recovered, and, true to its sex, attacked him obliquely, through his white ladye.

"Who *is* the beauty of the ball?" asked one, haughtily.

"I don't know; but not that mawkish thing in limp muslin."

"I should say Miss Hetherington is the belle," suggested a third.

"Oh, beyond question."

"Which is Miss Hetherington?" asked the Oxonian coolly of Alfred.

"Oh, she won't do for *us*. It is that little chalk-faced girl, dressed in pink with red roses; the pink of vulgarity and bad taste."

At this both Oxonians laughed arrogantly, and Mrs. Dodd withdrew her hand from the speaker's arm and glided away behind the throng. Julia looked at him with marked anxiety. He returned her look, and was sore puzzled what it meant, till he found Mrs. Dodd had withdrawn softly from him; then he stood confused, regretting, too late, he had not obeyed her positive request, and tried to imitate her dignified forbearance.

The quadrille ended. He instantly stepped forward and, bowing politely to the cornet, said authoritatively, "Mrs. Dodd sends me to conduct you to her. With your permission, Sir." His arm was offered and taken before the little warrior knew where he was.

He had her on his arm, soft, light, and fragrant as zephyr, and her cool breath wooing his neck; oh, the thrill of that moment! but her first word was to ask him with considerable anxiety, "Why did mamma leave you?"

"Miss Dodd, I am the most unhappy of men."

"No doubt! no doubt!" said she a little crossly. She added with one of her gushes of naïveté, "and I shall be unhappy too if you displease mamma."

"What could I do? A gang of snobbesses were detracting from—somebody. To speak plainly, they were running down the loveliest of her sex. Your mamma told me to keep quiet. And so I did till I got a fair chance, and then I gave it them in their teeth." He ground his own, and added, "I think I was very good not to kick them."

Julia colored with pleasure, and proceeded to turn it off; "Oh! most forbearing and considerate," said she: "ah, by-the-way, I think I did hear some ladies express a misgiving as to the pecuniary value of my costume; ha! ha! Oh—you—foolish—thing!—Fancy minding that! Why it is in little sneers that the approval of the ladies shows itself at a ball, and it is a much sincerer compliment than the gentlemen's bombastical praises; 'the fairest of her sex,' and so on; that none but 'the silliest of her sex' believes."

"I did not say the fairest of her sex; I said the loveliest of her sex."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely," said Julia, whose spirits were mounting with the lights and music, and Alfred's company, "so now come and be reconciled to the best and wisest of her sex; ay, and the beautifullest, if you but knew her sweet, dear, darling face as I do; there she is; let us fly. Mamma, here is a penitent for you, real or feigned."

"Real, Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred. "I had no right to disobey you and risk a scene. You served me right by abandoning me; I feel the rebuke and its justice. Let me hope your vengeance will go no further."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the grandiloquence of youth, and told him he had mistaken her character. "I saw I had acquired a generous, hotheaded ally, who was bent on doing battle with insects; so I withdrew; but so I should at Waterloo, or any where else, where people put themselves in a passion."

The band struck up again.

"Ah!" said Julia, "and I promised you this dance; but it is a waltz; and my guardian angel objects to the valse à deux temps."

"Decidedly. Should all the mothers in England permit their daughters to romp, and wrestle, in public, and call it waltzing, I must stand firm till they return to their senses."

Julia looked at Alfred despondently; he took his cue and said with a smile, "Well, perhaps it is a leetle brutal; a donkey's galop and then twirl her like a mop."

"Since you admit that, perhaps you can waltz comme il faut?" said Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred said he ought; he had given his whole soul to it in Germany last Long.

"Then I can have the pleasure of dropping the tyrant. Away with you both while there is room to circulate."

Alfred took his partner delicately; they made just two cat-like steps forward, and melted into the waltz.

It was an exquisite moment. To most young people Love comes after a great deal of waltzing. But this pair brought the awakened tenderness, and trembling sensibilities, of two burning hearts, to this their first intoxicating whirl. To them, therefore, every thing was an event, every thing was a thrill—the first meeting and timid pressure of their hands, the first delicate enfolding of her supple waist by his strong arm but trembling hand, the delightful unison of their unerring feet, the movement, the music, the soft delicious whirl, her cool breath saluting his neck, his ardent but now liquid eyes seeking hers tenderly, and drinking them deep, hers that now and then sipped his so sweetly—all these were new and separate joys, that linked themselves in one soft delirium of bliss. It was not a waltz; it was an Ecstasy.

Starting almost alone, this peerless pair danced a gauntlet. On each side admiration and detraction buzzed all the time.

"Beautiful! They are turning in the air."

"Quite gone by. That's how the old fogies dance."

Chorus of shallow males. "How well she waltzes."

Chorus of shallow females. "How well he waltzes."

But they noted neither praise nor detraction: they saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but themselves and the other music, till two valsers à deux temps took "a tremendous header" into them. Thus smartly reminded they had not earth all to themselves, they laughed good-humoredly, and paused.

"Ah! I am happy!" gushed from Julia. She blushed at herself, and said, severely, "You dance very well, Sir:" this was said to justify her unguarded ejaculation, and did, after a fashion. "I think it is time to go to mamma."

"So soon. And I had so much to say to you."

"Oh, very well. I am all attention."

The sudden facility offered set Alfred stammering a little. "I wanted to apologize to you for something—you are so good you seem to have forgotten it—but I dare not hope that—I mean at Henley—when the beauty of your character, and your goodness, so overpowered me, that a fatal impulse—"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Julia, looking him full in the face, like an offended lion, while, with true feminine and Julian inconsistency her bosom fluttered like a dove. "I never exchanged one word with you in my life before to-day; and I never shall again, if you pretend the contrary."

Alfred stood stupefied, and looked at her in piteous amazement.

"I value your acquaintance highly, Mr. Hardie, now I have made it, as acquaintances are made; but please to observe, I never saw you before scarcely; not even in church."

"As you please," said he, recovering his wits in part. "What you say I'll swear to."

"Then I say, never remind a lady of what you should wish her to forget."

"I was a fool. And you are an angel of tact and goodness."

"Oh, now I am sure it is time to join mamma," said she, in the dryest, drollest, way. "Valsons."

They waltzed down to Mrs. Dodd, exchanging hearts at every turn, and they took a good many in the space of a round table, for in truth both were equally loth to part.

At two o'clock, Mrs. Dodd resumed commonplace views of a daughter's health, and rose to go.

Her fly had played her false, and, being our island home, it rained buckets. Alfred ran, before they could stop him, and caught a fly. He was dripping. Mrs. Dodd expressed her regrets; he told her it did not matter; for him the ball was now over, the flowers faded, and the lights darkness visible.

"The extravagance of these children!" said Mrs. Dodd to Julia with a smile, as soon as he was out of hearing. Julia made no reply.

Next day she was at evening church: the congregation was very sparse. The first glance revealed Alfred Hardie standing in the very next pew. He wore a calm front of conscious rectitude; under which peeped sheep-faced misgivings as to the result of this advance; for, like all true lovers, he was half impudence, half timidity; and both on the grand scale.

Now Julia in a ball-room was one creature, another in church. After the first surprise, which sent the blood for a moment to her cheek, she found he had come without a prayer-book. She looked sadly and half-reproachfully at him; then put her white hand calmly over the wooden partition, and made him read with her out of her book. She shared her hymn-book with him, too, and sang her Maker's praise modestly and soberly but earnestly, and quite undisturbed by her lover's presence.

It seemed as if this pure creature was drawing him to heaven holding by that good book, and by her touching voice. He felt good all over. To be like her he tried to bend his whole mind on the prayers of the church, and, for the first time, realized how beautiful they are.

After service he followed her to the door. Island home again, by the pailful; and she had a thick shawl but no umbrella. He had brought a large one on the chance; he would see her home.

"Quite unnecessary; it is so near."

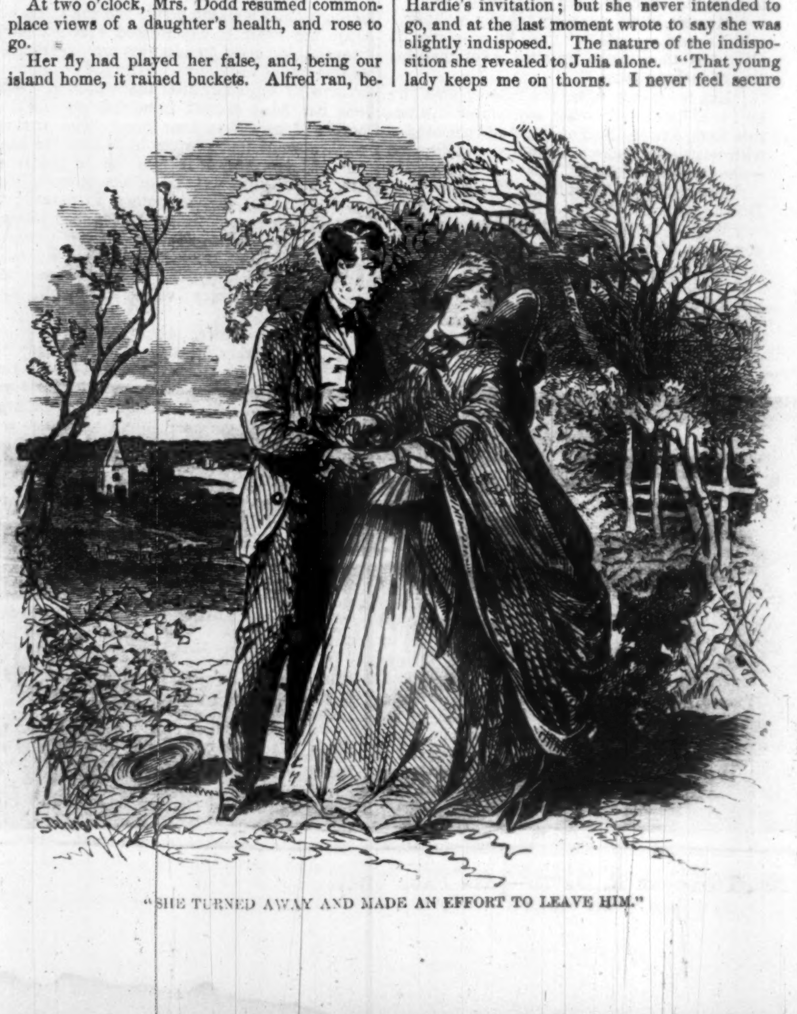
He insisted; she persisted; and, persisting, yielded. They said but little; yet they seemed to interchange volumes, and, at each gaslight they passed, they stole a look, and treasured it to feed on.

That night was one broad step more toward the great happiness, or great misery, which awaits a noble love. Such loves, somewhat rare in Nature, have lately become so very rare in Fiction, that I have ventured, with many misgivings, to detail the peculiarities of its rise and progress. But now for a time it advanced on beaten tracks; Alfred had the right to call at Albion Villa, and he came twice; once when Mrs. Dodd was out. This was the time he staid the two hours.

A Mrs. James invited Jane and him to tea and exposition. There he met Julia and Edward, who had just returned. Edward was taken with Jane Hardie's face and dove-like eyes; eyes that dwelt with a soft and chastened admiration on his masculine face and his model form, and their owner felt she had received "a call" to watch over his spiritual weal. So they paired off.

Julia's fluctuating spirits settled now into a calm, demure complacency. Her mother, finding this strange remedial virtue in youthful society, gave young parties, inviting Jane and Alfred in their turn. Jane hesitated, but, as she could no longer keep Julia from knowing her worldly brother, and hoped a way might be opened for her to rescue Edward, she relaxed her general rule, which was, to go into no company unless some religious service formed part of the entertainment. Yet her conscience was ill at ease; and, to set them an example, she took care, when she asked the Dodds in return, to have a clergyman there of her own party, who could pray and expound with unction.

Mrs. Dodd, not to throw cold water on what seemed to gratify her children, accepted Miss Hardie's invitation; but she never intended to go, and at the last moment wrote to say she was slightly indisposed. The nature of the indisposition she revealed to Julia alone. "That young lady keeps me on thorns. I never feel secure



"SHE TURNED AWAY AND MADE AN EFFORT TO LEAVE HIM."

she will not say or do something extravagant or unusual; she seems to suspect sobriety and good taste of being in league with impiety. Here I succeed in bridling her a little; but encounter a female enthusiast in her own house? Merci! After all, there must be something good in her, since she is your friend, and you are hers; let her pass: I have something more serious to say to you before you go there. It is about her brother. He is a flirt: in fact, a notorious one, more than one lady tells me."

Julia was silent, but began to be very uneasy; they were sitting and talking after sunset, yet without candles; she profited, for once, by that amazing gap in the intelligence of "the sex."

"I hear he pays you compliments; and I have seen a disposition to single you out. Now, my love, you have the good sense to know that, whatever a young man of that age says to you, he says to many other ladies; but your experience is not equal to your sense; so profit by mine; a girl of your age must never be talked of with a person of the other sex: it is fatal; fatal! but if you permit yourself to be singled out, you will be talked of inevitably, and distress those who love you. It is easy to avoid injudicious duets in society; oblige me by doing so to-night."

To show how much she was in earnest, Mrs. Dodd hinted that, were her admonition neglected, she should regret, for once, having kept clear of an enthusiast.

Julia had no alternative; she assented in a faint voice. After a pause she faltered out, "And suppose he should esteem me seriously?"

Mrs. Dodd replied quickly, "Then that would be much worse. But," said she, "I have no apprehensions on that score; you are a child, and he is a precocious boy, and rather a flirt. But forewarned is forearmed. So now run away and dress, sweet one: my lecture is quite ended."

The sensitive girl went up to her room with a heavy heart. All the fears she had lulled of late revived. She saw plainly now that Mrs. Dodd only accepted Alfred as a pleasant acquaintance: as a son-in-law he was out of the question. "Oh, what will she say when she knows all?" thought Julia.

Next day, sitting near the window, she saw him coming up the road. After the first movement of pleasure at the bare sight of him, she was sorry he had come. Mamma's suspicions awake at last, and here he was again; the third call in one fortnight! She dared not risk an interview with him, ardent and unguarded, under that penetrating eye, which she felt would now be on the watch.

She rose hurriedly, said as carelessly as she could, "I am going to the school," and, tying her bonnet on all in a flurry, whipped out at the back door with her shawl in her hand just as Sarah opened the front door to Alfred. She then shuffled on her shawl, and whisked through the little shrubbery into the open field, and reached a path that led to the school, and so gratified was she at her dexterity in evading her favorite, that she hung her head, and went murmuring, "Cruel, cruel, cruel!"

Alfred entered the drawing-room gayly, with a good-sized card and a prepared speech. This was not the visit of a friend but a functionary; the treasurer of the cricket-ground, come to book two of his eighteen to play against the All England Eleven next month. "As for you, my worthy Sir (turning to Edward), I shall just put you down without ceremony. But I must ask leave to book Captain Dodd. Mrs. Dodd, I come at the universal desire of the club; they say it is sure to be a dull match without Captain Dodd. Besides, he is a capital player."

"Mamma, don't you be caught by his chaff," said Edward, quietly. "Papa is no player at all. Any thing more unlike cricket than his way of making runs—"

"But he makes them, old fellow; now you and I, at Lord's the other day, played in first-rate form, left shoulder well up, and achieved—with neatness, precision, dexterity, and dispatch—the British duck's-egg."

"Misericorde! What is that?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, a round O," said the other Oxonian, coming to his friend's aid.

"And what is that, pray?"

Alfred told her "the round O," which had yielded to "the duck's-egg," and was becoming obsolete, meant the cipher set by the scorer against a player's name, who is out without making a run.

"I see," sighed Mrs. Dodd: "It penetrates to your very sports and games. And why British?"

"Oh, 'British' is redundant: thrown in by the universities."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means nothing. That is the beauty of it. British is inserted in imitation of our idols, the Greeks; they adored redundancy."

In short, poor Alfred, though not an M.P., was talking to put off time, till Julia should come in: so he now favored Mrs. Dodd, of all people, with a flowery description of her husband's play, which I, who have not his motive for volubility, suppress. However, he wound up with the captain's "moral influence." "Last match," said he, "Barkington did not do itself justice. Several, that could have made a stand, were frightened out, rather than bowled, by the London professionals. Then Captain Dodd went in, and treated those artists with the same good-humored contempt he would a parish bowler, and, in particular, sent Mynne's over-tossed balls flying over his head for six, or to square leg for four, and, on his retiring with twenty-five, scored in eight minutes, the remaining Barkingtonians were less funky, and made some fair scores."

Mrs. Dodd smiled a little ironically at this tirade, but said she thought she might venture to promise Mr. Dodd's co-operation, should he reach home in time. Then, to get rid of Alfred before Julia's return, the amiable worldling turned to Edward, "Your sister will not be back; so you may as well ring the bell for luncheon at once. Perhaps Mr. Hardie will join us."

Alfred declined, and took his leave with far less alacrity than he had entered with; Edward went down stairs with him.

Miss Dodd gone on a visit?" asked Alfred, affecting carelessness.

"Only to the school. By-the-by, I will go and fetch her."

"No, don't do that; call on my sister instead, and then you will pull me out of a scrape. I promised to bring her here: but her saintship was so long adorning 'the poor perishable body,' that I came alone."

"I don't understand you," said Edward. "I am not the attraction here. It is Julia."

"How do you know that? When a young lady interests herself in an undergraduate's soul, it is a pretty sure sign she likes the looks of him. But perhaps you don't want to be converted; if so, keep clear of *her*. 'Bar the fell dragon's blighting way; but shun that lovely snare.'"

"On the contrary," said Edward, calmly, "I only wish she *could* make me as good as she is, or half as good."

"Give her the chance, old fellow, and then it won't be your fault if she makes a mess of it. Call at two, and Jenny will receive you very kindly, and will show you you are in the 'gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.' Now, won't that be nice?"

"I will go," said Edward, gravely.

They parted. Where Alfred went the reader can perhaps guess; Edward to luncheon.

"Mamma," said he, with that tranquillity which sat so well on him, "don't you think Alfred Hardie is spoony upon our Julia?"

Mrs. Dodd suppressed a start, and (perhaps to gain time before replying sincerely) said she had not the honor of knowing what "spoony" meant.

"Why, sighs for her, and dies for her, and fancies she is prettier than Miss Hardie. He must be over head and ears."

"Fie child!" was the answer. "If I thought so, I should withdraw from their acquaintance. Excuse me; I must put on my bonnet at once, not to lose this fine afternoon."

Edward did not relish her remark: it menaced more Spoons than one. However he was not the man to be cast down at a word: he lighted a cigar, and strolled toward Hardie's house. Mr. Hardie, senior, had left three days ago on a visit to London; Miss Hardie received him; he passed the afternoon in calm complacency, listening reverently to her admonitions, and looking her softly out of countenance, and into earthly affections, with his lion eyes.

Meantime his remark, so far from really seeming foolish to Mrs. Dodd, was the true reason for her leaving him so abruptly. "Even this dear slow Thing sees it," thought she. She must talk to Julia more seriously, and would go to the school at once. She went up stairs, and put on her bonnet and shawl before the glass, then moulded on her gloves; and came down equipped. On the stairs was a large window, looking upon the open field; she naturally cast her eyes through it, in the direction she was going, and what did she see but a young lady and gentleman coming slowly down the path toward the villa. Mrs. Dodd bit her lip with vexation, and looked keenly at them, to divine on what terms they were. And the more she looked the more uneasy she grew.

The head, the hand, the whole person of a young woman walking beside one she loves, betrays her heart to experienced eyes watching unseen: and most female eyes are experienced at this sort of inspection. Why did Julia move so slowly? especially after that warning. Why was her head averted from that encroaching boy, and herself so near him? The anxious mother would much rather have seen her keep her distance, and look him full in the face. Her first impulse was that of leopardesses, lionesses, hens, and all the mothers in nature; to dart from her ambush and protect her young; but she controlled it by a strong effort; it seemed wiser to descry the truth, and then act with resolution: besides the young people were now almost at the shrubbery; so the mischief, if any, was done.

They entered the shrubbery.

To Mrs. Dodd's surprise and dismay they did not come out this side so quickly. She darted her eye into the plantation; and lo! Alfred had seized the fatal opportunity foliage offers, even when thinnish: he held Julia's hand, and was pleading eagerly for something she seemed not disposed to grant; for she turned away and made an effort to leave him. But Mrs. Dodd, standing there quivering with maternal anxiety, and hot with shame, could not but doubt the sincerity of that graceful resistance. If she had been quite in earnest, Julia had fire enough in her to box the little wretch's ears. She ceased even to doubt, when she saw that her daughter's opposition ended in his getting hold of two hands instead of one, and devouring them with kisses, while Julia still drew her head and neck quite away, but the rest of her supple frame seemed to yield and incline, and draw softly toward her besieger, by some irresistible spell.

"I can bear no more!" gasped Mrs. Dodd aloud, and turned to hasten and part them; but even as she curved her stately neck to go, she caught the lovers' parting; and a very pretty one too, if she could have looked at it, as these things ought always to be looked at: Artistically.

Julia's head and lovely throat, unable to draw the rest of her away, compromised; they turned, declined, drooped, and rested one half moment on her captor's shoulder, like a settling dove: the next, she scudded from him, and made for the house alone.

Mrs. Dodd, deeply indignant, but too wise to court a painful interview with her own heart beating high, went into the drawing-room: and there sat down, to recover some little composure. But she was hardly seated when Julia's innocent voice was heard calling "Mamma! mamma!" and soon she came bounding into the drawing-room, brimful of good news, her cheeks as red as fire, and her eyes wet with happy tears; and there confronted her mother, who had started up at her footstep, and now, with one hand nipping the back of the chair convulsively, stood lofty, looking strangely agitated and hostile.

The two ladies eyed one another, silent, yet expressive; like a picture facing a statue; but soon the color died out of Julia's face as well, and she began to cower with vague fears before that stately figure, so gentle and placid usually, but now so discomposed and stern.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote pages 305, 308, and 309, to illustrations of the movement of the Army of the Potomac which commenced last week, from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud. Most of these pictures explain themselves, and it might suffice to say that the various army corps crossed the Rappahannock at various points on 28th, 29th, and 30th April. In some places the crossing was effected at fords, in others on pontoon bridges, in others in boats. Our picture on page 305 shows the construction of a pontoon bridge at a point where the river was too deep to be forded; and other illustrations on page 309 depict the bridges used by General Sedgwick's corps and General Reynolds's corps for their crossing. General Russell, whose brigade was the first to cross, went over in boats. This operation, which was performed in the mist of a cloudy morning before daybreak, is illustrated on page 308, and is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

Toward daybreak twenty-three boats were afloat and ready for the start. Brigadier-General David Russell had the honor to pass the river first. General Russell's brigade consists of the Eighteenth New York, Colonel Myers; the Thirty-second New York, Colonel Pinto; the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Irwin; the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Town; and the One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Ellmaker. Russell's men had been ordered to enter the boats in fifties. General Russell thought that the boats would not hold fifty, and General Brooks therefore made the fifty forty-five.

General Russell went over the Rappahannock at the head of his men. Every boat left the shore at one word—at 4.30 A.M.—and this scene of their departure and quiet movement on the still water, just in the early dawn and in the mist, was one of the romantic ones of war. Regularly the oars fell until the great square tubs got into a race and were lost in the mist; for though the river is here scarcely a hundred yards in width we could not see the other side. Soon after a volley was heard, and the boats returned and began to fill again.

As soon as the boats reached the opposite shore Russell's men clambered up the bank and began to form. But before they were in line the enemy delivered at short distance, and from a rifle-pit directly in front, one volley. Bayonets were fixed and the line advanced, the One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the right, and to their left, in order, the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Thirty-second New York and Eighteenth New York. Out of the rifle-pits the enemy went in a hurry. One prisoner, an officer, was taken. Out of the first line of rifle-pits and out of the second, and our men had the field before them—an open, clear plain, from Deep Run on our right to Bernard's house on our left.

At this time the bells began to ring in Fredericksburg with all the clamor of which they were capable.

Another picture introduces us to the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry operating as skirmishers. Of their performance the New York *Times* correspondent says:

At about 12 o'clock General Sykes's division was sent forward on the left, by the Banks' Ford Road, to make an attack, and compel the enemy to develop his strength on that bank. He moved promptly into position, with Weed's, now Watson's, regular battery. The first gun was fired by the enemy about 12 o'clock. Heavy skirmishing commenced, our men entering the field with much enthusiasm. The Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry skirmished in the very front for some time, and sustained a galling fire from the enemy's infantry, but behaved with great intrepidity. They charged and recharged upon the infantry, only to be in turn driven back. General Sykes then threw forward two companies of infantry, without knapsacks, on the double-quick, who supported the cavalry, and checked the further pursuit of the enemy. The action now became quite general between the two forces, each seeming to be about the same strength.

On page 310 we give a fine map of the theatre of the conflict.

THE BATTLE OF IRISH BEND.

We illustrate on page 316 the Battle of Irish Bend, fought on 13th April by General Grover's division of General Banks's army, in the recent campaign in the interior of Louisiana. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. W. M. Hall, of the Twenty-second Maine Regiment. The following account of the battle is from the *Herald* correspondence:

About seven o'clock A.M. the advance reached the edge of a dense line of woods, near what is known as Irish Bend (a sharp bend of the Teche), about eleven miles distant from the rebel earth-works, where General Banks was engaging the enemy.

Here our force was met by a strong one of the rebels, in position, from the bank of the Teche, across the front and right flank of General Grover's division.

The enemy was strongly posted at this point, their right flank supported by artillery, and their left extending round into another wood, in such a manner as to completely encircle any force which should simply attack their position in the wood first spoken of.

Colonel Birge, of the Third Brigade, of General Grover's division, at this time in command of the advance, and supported by two sections of Rogers's battery, now skirmished with the rebels in front for about an hour, our skirmishers and their supports engaging the infantry and dismounted cavalry of the enemy. Colonel Birge then ordered the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York in front of the first skirt of woods.

He had no sooner done this than the enemy commenced a flank attack, endeavoring to take the section of Rogers's battery which was on the right.

These two regiments, assailed by a fire on their front and right from an enemy very perfectly concealed, replied ineffectually to the fire, became shaken, and finally commenced to fall back, when General Grover rode up to the front and rallied them, at the same time ordering General Dwight to hasten up with his brigade.

The section of Rogers's battery was compelled to limber up and go to the rear, the fire of the enemy being so deadly as to pick off nine cannoniers at their guns.

At this time General Dwight moved on to the field with his brigade, and placed the Sixth New York on his right, in such a manner as to outflank the enemy's left, in a similar way that the enemy outflanked our right.

The Ninety-first New York was ordered in front to advance against the woods, with the First Louisiana supporting the Sixth New York, and the Twenty-second Maine and One Hundred and Thirty-first New York in support of the Ninety-first New York.

The order to advance was given, and like veterans they moved forward across the field, through the woods, and over another field, the enemy slowly but surely falling back before them; sweeping on, taking from him all his positions, and finally compelling him to so hasty a retreat that he left over one hundred prisoners in our hands. Then the position which Colonel Birge's brigade failed to take, with a loss of something over three hundred men, was taken by General Dwight, with a loss of only seven killed and twenty-one wounded.

General Dwight was now ordered to halt, take a favorable position, and hold it.

This was done, the enemy continuing to manœuvre in front of General Dwight's and Colonel Birge's commands for two or three hours.

The *Diana* did but very little harm during the whole of this time.

Our troops, in the mean time, had been ordered by General Grover to rest in their places until further orders, which they did until about three P.M., when an order was given to feel the enemy on the front and flank, with a view to our attacking their position in force.

Before any considerable advance further was made the enemy evacuated, retreating to the woods and canes, having previously set fire to the gun-boat *Diana* and transports *Gossamer*, *Newsboy*, and *Era No. 2*.

The retreat was accomplished in such a manner as to prevent effectual pursuit.

The rebel prisoners represent that they had upward of five thousand men engaged in this affair, and that they came up with the intention of driving General Grover's division across the Bayou Teche before General Banks's force could arrive; but they were signally repulsed, with a loss of from three to four hundred.

On the field of battle one hundred and five prisoners were taken, and thirty wounded.

Among the killed is General Riley, and among the wounded Colonel Gray.

The prisoners also report that General Dick Taylor advanced in force on the flank, and was in command of the whole. "Sibley was there," they say; "but he was not in the fight, and never is."

About one hundred and fifty prisoners in all were captured by General Grover's command.

Immediately on the retreat a reconnoissance was sent out, which met a courier from the advance of General Banks's army, when the news arrived for the first time that the enemy had evacuated his works at Beasland.

A MODEL CAMP ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We publish on page 317 an illustration of the Camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment on the Rappahannock, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. This camp was a model one in regard to beauty, order, cleanliness, and distribution, and deserves to be commemorated. The Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment was the first to break camp and cross the river on the new march to Richmond.

VICKSBURG.

We reproduce on pages 312 and 313 several illustrations of the Operations in the Vicinity of Vicksburg, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. One of the illustrations represents

THE NEW CANAL NEAR VICKSBURG.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Head-quarters, Army of the Tennessee,
Milliken's Bend, *April* 17.

"Another canal is nearing completion; and from every quarter one hears the utmost confidence expressed that the most satisfactory results may be expected. The length of canal necessary is less than 1500 yards, which completed, we shall, by clearing trees and obstructions from bayous, have inland navigation from a short distance below this point to New Carthage, a place some 20 miles below Vicksburg, where our gun-boats are now at anchor."

Another picture shows us

OUR MASKED BATTERIES SHELLING VICKSBURG.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Head-quarters of General Sherman,
Camp near Vicksburg.

"General Sherman seems to have a determined propensity to carry on the present war in a manner likely to be most offensive to the rebels. The last instance of his beneficence is a continued shelling of the 'Virgin City of Vicksburg,' by a well-protected battery of heavy Parrott guns, under the superintendence of Captain Edwin D. Phillips. The inhabitants of the 'Virgin City' do not, it is evident, like this gentle proclivity of the gallant General's, for they have vacated their homes; in which, *en passant*, we may soon find it convenient to take up our abode."

The large picture represents

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

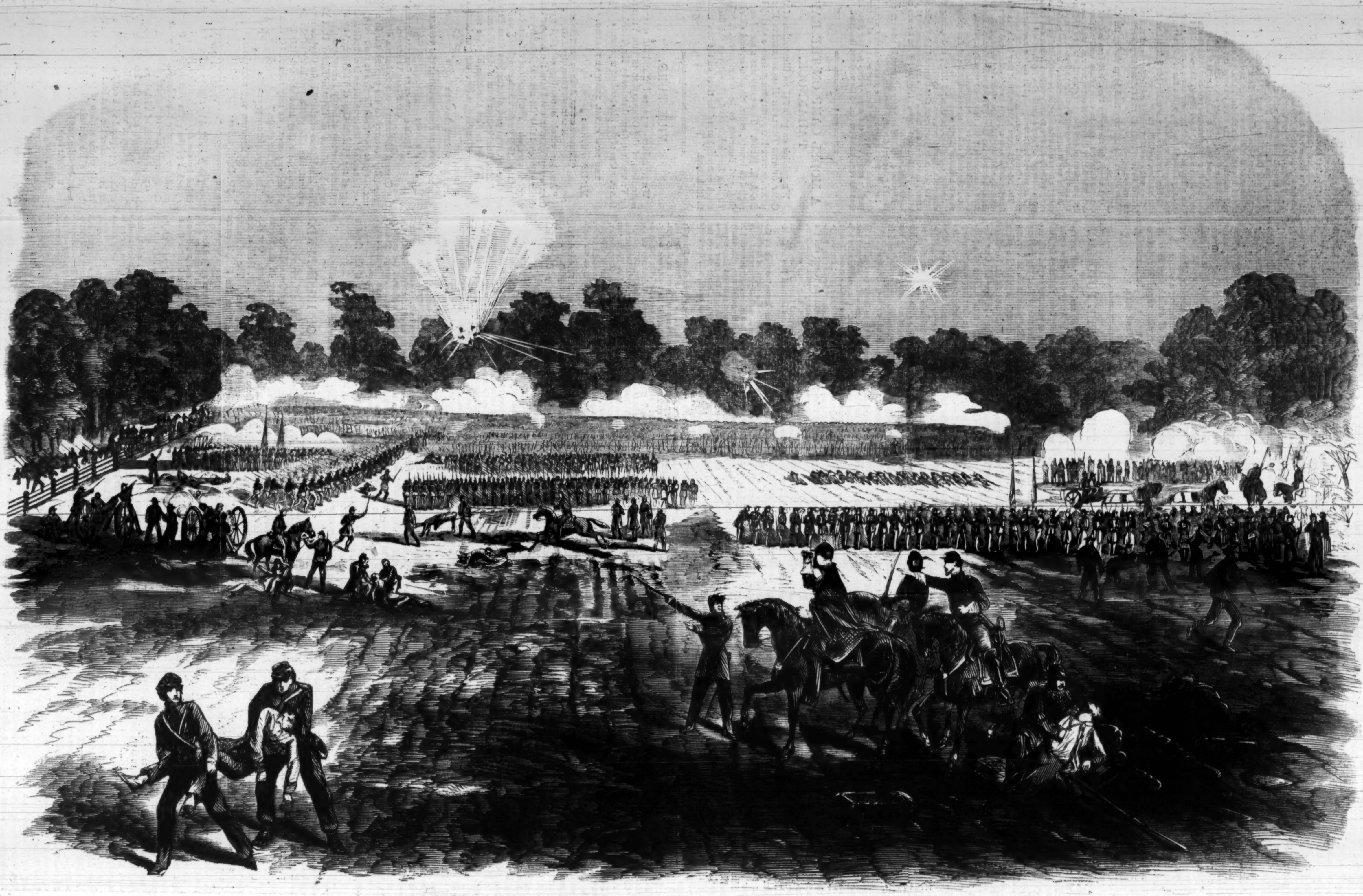
Mr. Davis writes:

"Young's Point, Louisiana,
Friday Morning, *April* 17.

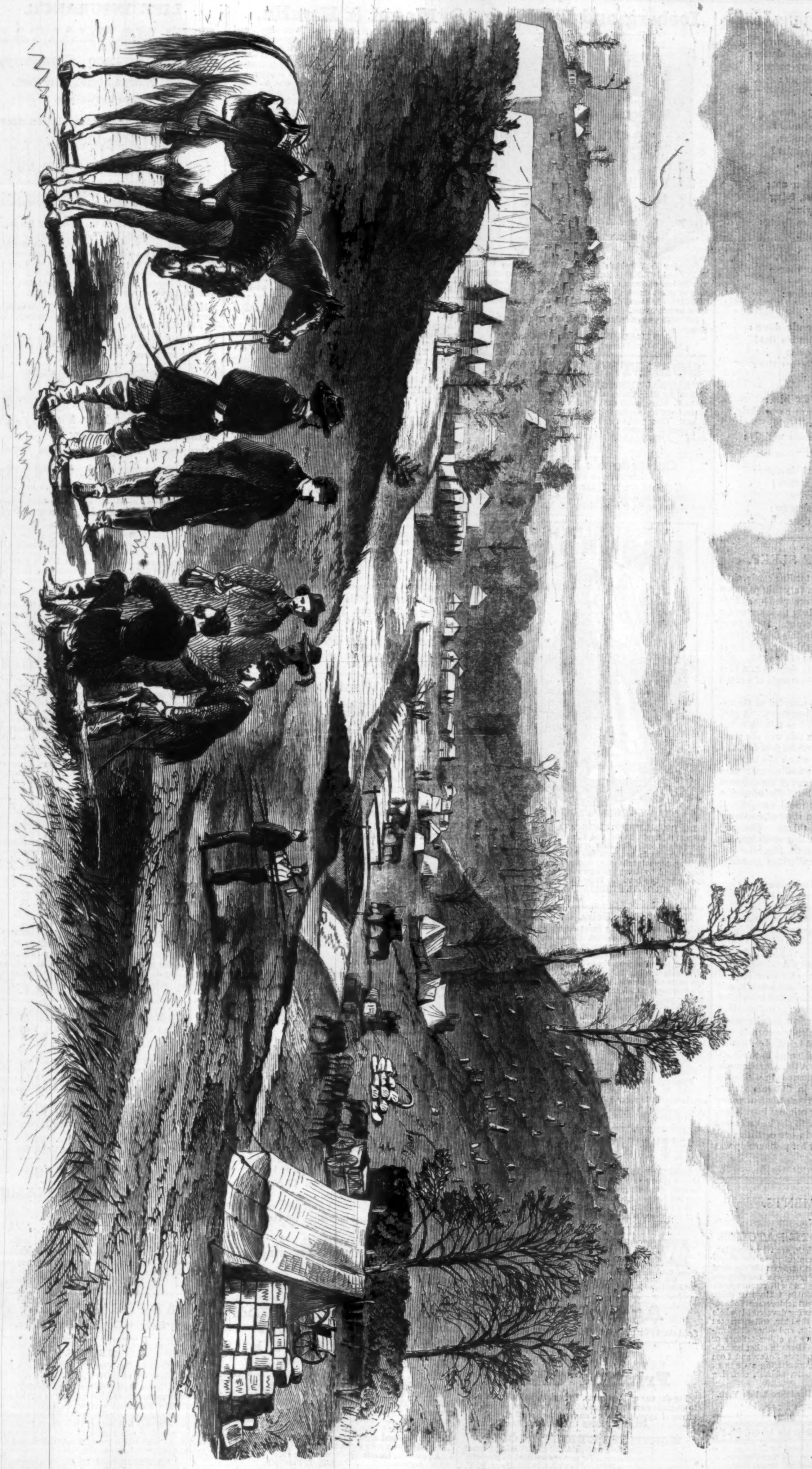
"The *Benton* led by about a mile. She was followed by the *Lafayette*, which just preceded the 'Turtles' in line; the *Forest Queen*, *Henry Clay*, and *Silver Wave* in the order I have named them; the *Tuscumbia*, as rear-guard, following.

"In my sketch of Vicksburg you will see, near the river's bank, and to the left, below the Court-house, a group of wooden buildings. These were evidently prepared with combustible materials, for an instant after the first boat was discovered nearing the whole surface of the river was illumined by the glare of their burning. A shanty on the point opposite was fired at the same moment, lending a bright light.

"The *Henry Clay* had nearly completed her dangerous journey when she was struck by a shell, set on fire, and burned. Our boats sent shot after shot in return. The night was without a cloud; the stars bright. The fleet has gone down to New Carthage."



THE CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF IRISH BEND.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. HALL, 22D MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



THE CAMP OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, NEAR FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA.—From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 315.]

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

COMRADES, find for him a grave
Where the hoofs of war-steed clatter;
Where but childish feet may patter;
Any where; it will not matter:
Only find a grave.

Comrades, lay him softly down.
Was he not our land's defender?
Though so womanly, so slender,
With a soul so true and tender?
Softly lay him down.

Comrades, roughly jar him not;
Never stir that brown tress, lying
As it lay when he was dying,
With the bullets 'round him flying:
Roughly jar him not.

Comrades, move him tenderly,
As the touch of fondest mother—
As a sister would a brother—
As one woman would another:
Move him tenderly.

Comrades, lower him gently down:
Ah! for him how soon Death's fiat!
But his face is far more quiet
Than our own, where life-cares riot:
Lower him gently down.

Comrades, drop a tear for him;
Though our camp-fires blaze as brightly,
And the low song rise as lightly,
We shall miss our mess-mate nightly:
Drop a tear for him.

Comrades, now our work is done:
Soldiers have no time to sorrow;
Rather let us courage borrow
For the struggles of the morrow:
Now our work is done.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

AN orphan girl, employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from another, which was often occupied by an itinerant fiddler. A benevolent lady took her under her care, and she became her servant. Some years afterward, when she was still in this family, beautiful music was heard in the night-time, which was at length traced to the bedroom of this girl. She was found to be fast asleep, but singing in a tone exactly resembling the sweetest sounds of a small violin.

Another remarkable case is recorded on the authority of a highly intelligent clergyman. A girl, his servant, was greatly addicted to talking in her sleep; and it was found that in this way she passed through all the transactions of the past day, and that she repeated every thing which she had said in its proper order. Her tone and manner were changed to suit the circumstances of the different occasions on which she had spoken. She often rose in her sleep, and followed her usual occupations, and at length she passed into a state of continued unconsciousness to external things. She was aroused more than once from this condition, but was subsequently removed home. She recovered in several weeks, and her peculiarities gradually disappeared.

Von Hoven, as quoted by Treviranus, mentions a student who talked in his sleep, and began every night exactly at the point where he had left off on the preceding night. A continuous and connected dream was the topic of his nocturnal ramblings. This affection continued about three weeks. Combe refers to a case described by Major Elliot, Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy of the United States at West Point. A young lady of cultivated mind had an attack of somnolency, and when she came out of it all her acquired knowledge had vanished. She applied herself to rudimentary studies, and was regaining her lost acquirements, when a second attack of somnolency occurred. She now at once recovered her lost knowledge, but remembered nothing of what had passed in the interval between the two attacks. A third attack again reduced her to the state of ignorance in which she had been after the first, and in this manner she passed through these alternate states for four years, retaining in one state all her original knowledge, and in the other only that which she had acquired since the first attack. Thus in one condition she wrote beautifully, in the other her penmanship was poor.

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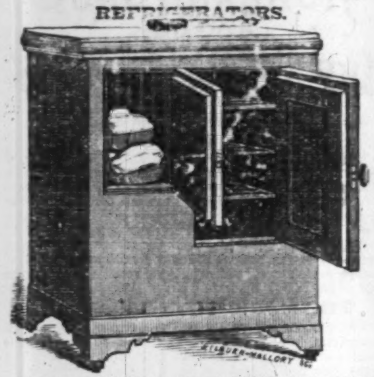
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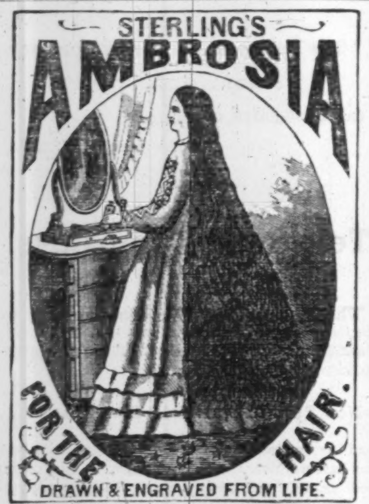
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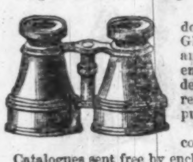

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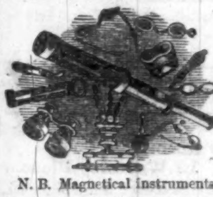

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Never before has he made a better DISPLAY,

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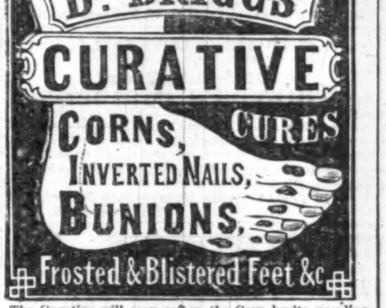

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

☞ **Fever and Ague Extinguished.**—Martyrs to Intermittent Fever, a word with you. The responsibility for your sufferings rests upon yourselves. Just as surely as you shake to-day, or will shake to-morrow, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS will extinguish the disease under which you labor. Had you taken this genial tonic as a preventive, you would have no need of it as a cure, for it renders the system impervious to all miasmatic fevers. But since you neglected the precaution, rid yourselves without delay of the complaint by resorting to the only reliable remedy. Break the chills with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and they will return no more. This is the experience of thousands, and it will be yours. Quinine is a slow means of relief; it is nauseous to the last degree; it is more dangerous than the malady itself; in many cases, it utterly fails. How different is the effect of the BITTERS! Their curative action is rapid; they are agreeable to the palate; they are not only harmless, but tend inevitably to strengthen the constitution, and prolong life; they never have failed, and it is confidently assumed that they never can fail in any case of fever and ague, however inveterate in its character. To be without HOSTETTER'S BITTERS in any region infested with intermittent or remittent fever, is simply to reject safety and court disease.

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SAM'L C. BISHOP, General Agent.

New York, *April*, 1863.

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That may be required, such as

Iron Armor Cable, laid up laterally or spirally, and protected from the action of salt water by a new and superior compound.

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Brass or Copper Armor Cable, braided or laid on spirally; a very superior and valuable covering that will not rust.

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They are also prepared to make and lay down any Cables wanted, and WARRANT THEM.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches		$100 00 each.
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200 Ladies' Gold Watches		35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches		15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to	10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to	10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to	5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to	6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to	8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to	8 00 each.
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5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to	6 00 each.
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All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

R AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
For the Rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary to recount the evidences of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. And not only in formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, &c.; and for Children, it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained.

As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best that it ever has been, and that the genuine article is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

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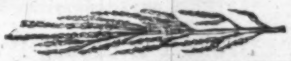
Nature has Provided a Remedy



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